

NO 10
FEB.-
MAR.

SPY-HUNTERS

AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES

in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!

10¢

In this
ISSUE!

WATCH UNCLE SAM'S
ACE OPERATIVES
BATTLE WORLDWIDE
ESPIONAGE!



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COLOR—Picture No. 1

Hair.....

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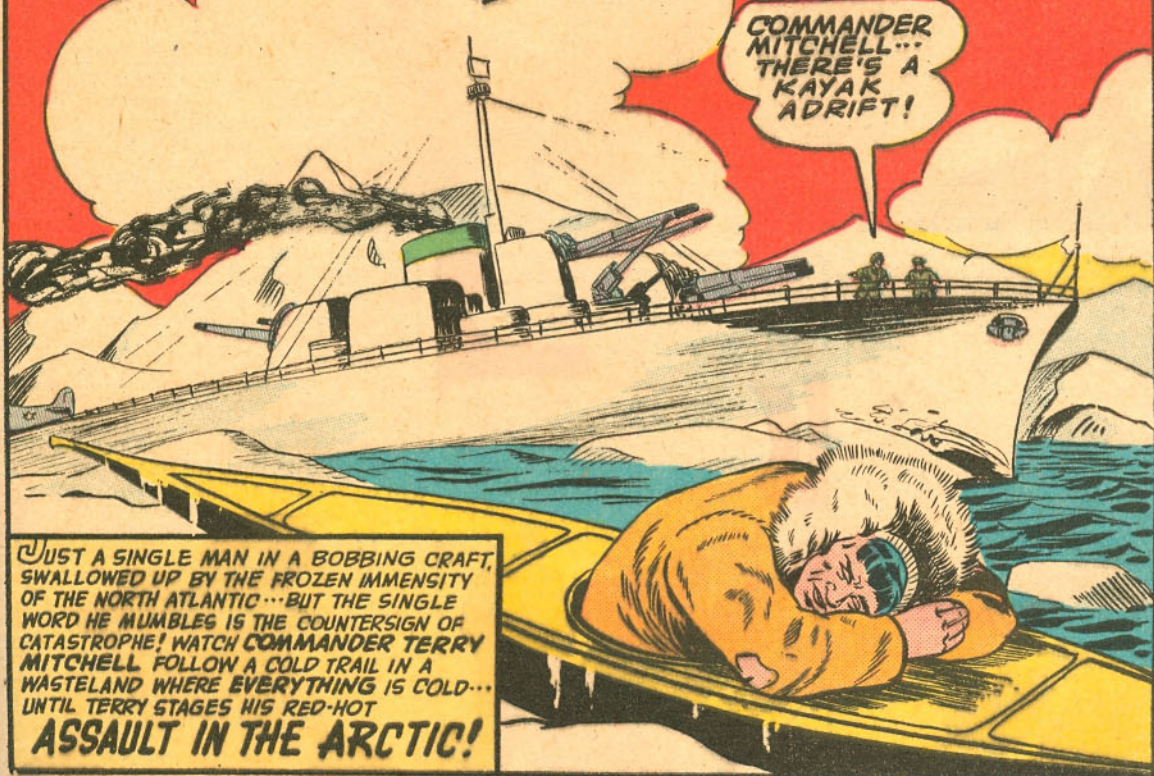
COLOR—Picture No. 2

Hair.....

Eyes.....

Clothing.....

ASSAULT *in the* ARCTIC



JUST A SINGLE MAN IN A BOBBING CRAFT, SWALLOWED UP BY THE FROZEN IMMENSITY OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC... BUT THE SINGLE WORD HE MUMBLES IS THE COUNTERSIGN OF CATASTROPHE! WATCH **COMMANDER TERRY MITCHELL** FOLLOW A COLD TRAIL IN A WASTELAND WHERE EVERYTHING IS COLD... UNTIL TERRY STAGES HIS RED-HOT **ASSAULT IN THE ARCTIC!**

THE POOR DEVIL'S GOT SEVERAL GUNSHOT WOUNDS! HUSTLE HIM DOWN TO THE SICK BAY... AND GET HIM OUT OF THOSE FROZEN FURS!



MINUTES LATER...

ETAH...
ETAH!



I'M AFRAID THAT'S ALL WE'LL GET OUT OF HIM, CAPTAIN... HE'S DROPPING OFF INTO A COMA!

ETAH... THAT'S NEAR THE FROZEN TIP OF GREENLAND... THE WORLD'S NORTHERNMOST HUMAN OUTPOST! WHY IN BLAZES WOULD THIS NATIVE PADDLE ALL THE WAY FROM THERE... A VOYAGE OF SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES? YOU'RE THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER ON THIS SHIP, MR. MITCHELL... WHAT'S THE ANSWER?



MIGHT HAVE BEEN TO GET HELP, SIR! FROM THE ANGLE OF THOSE BULLET HOLES... IT'S PRETTY CLEAR HE WAS STRAFED FROM A PLANE!

WHO'D SEND A PLANE OUT AFTER A SINGLE KAYAK---NEARLY A THOUSAND MILES FROM THE NEAREST AIR BASE? FOR **MY** MONEY, THIS ESKIMO WAS WOUNDED IN A NATIVE BRAWL!

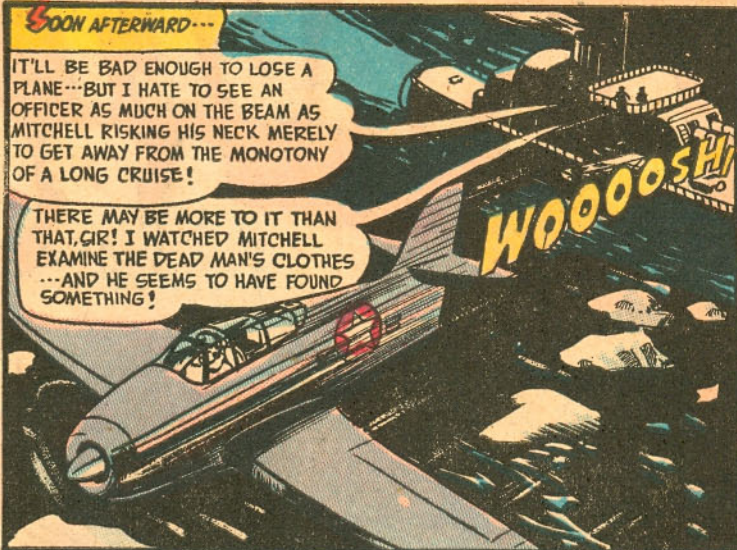
I DON'T WANT TO JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS, SIR... BUT I HAVE AN IDEA THIS FELLOW **ISN'T** AN ESKIMO! IF I'M WRONG...THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A HOP TO NORTHERN GREENLAND TO PROVE IT!



SOON AFTERWARD---

IT'LL BE BAD ENOUGH TO LOSE A PLANE...BUT I HATE TO SEE AN OFFICER AS MUCH ON THE BEAM AS MITCHELL RISKING HIS NECK MERELY TO GET AWAY FROM THE MONOTONY OF A LONG CRUISE!

THERE MAY BE MORE TO IT THAN THAT, GIR! I WATCHED MITCHELL EXAMINE THE DEAD MAN'S CLOTHES ...AND HE SEEMS TO HAVE FOUND SOMETHING!



MEANWHILE, ON THE VAST GREENLAND ICE SHELF... FIVE MILES INLAND FROM THE LONELY HUDDLE OF HUTS KNOWN AS ETAH---

YOU SHIFTLESS ESKIMO DOG! YOU WERE ORDERED TO MOVE TWO HUNDRED POUNDS OF ROCK WITH EACH LOAD---AND NOT AN OUNCE LESS!

SLINKOV, I'M CONVINCED THAT ESKIMO SLAVE LABOR IS THE WORST WE COMMUNISTS HAVE EVER USED! IT'S VERY FINE FOR HEADQUARTERS TO ORDER AN AIR BASE...BUT HOW WILL WE GET IT FINISHED, WITH THESE LAZY BRUTES DYING LIKE FLIES?



IT **MUST** BE FINISHED...AS THE MOST IMPORTANT LINK OF OUR GLOBAL STRATEGY! ETAH IS MUCH NEARER THE NORTH POLE THAN ANY POINT IN ALASKA...AND YET IT IS **ALSO** MUCH CLOSER TO NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, AND CHICAGO THAN IS ANY AMERICAN AIR BASE IN ALASKA! ACCORDINGLY, WHILE THE AMERICANS BUILD UP THEIR DEFENSES **THERE**...WE WILL BE READY TO ATTACK FROM A QUARTER FAR LESS DISTANT THAN THEY EVER DREAMED OF!



SLINKOV---OUR RADAR DETECTOR HAS PICKED UP A PLANE APPROACHING AT FIVE THOUSAND FEET!

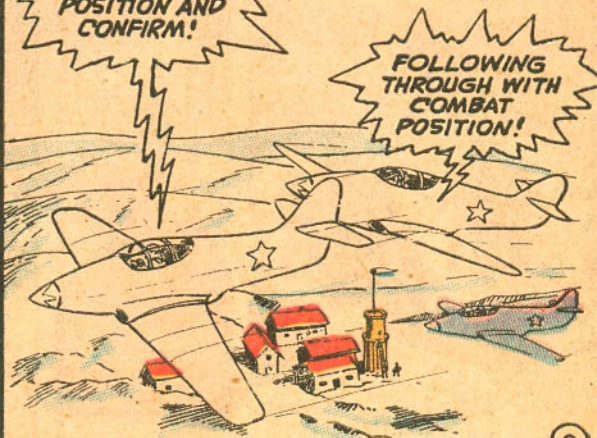
SEND UP THREE OF OUR WHITE YAKS TO INVESTIGATE! THE LATEST WEATHER REPORT SHOWS SNOW AT FIVE THOUSAND FEET...AND BY FLYING **ABOVE** IT, OUR CAMOUFLAGED PLANES CAN SHOOT DOWN THE INTRUDER WITHOUT BEING DETECTED!



MINUTES LATER---

IT'S AMERICAN! TAKE COMBAT POSITION AND CONFIRM!

FOLLOWING THROUGH WITH COMBAT POSITION!





HOLY COW! I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE SHOOTING'S COMING FROM...BUT THEY GOT ME **GOOD!**

RAT-TAT-TAT!



YAK WING LEADER CALLING BASE! WE HAVE SHOT DOWN AN AMERICAN OBSERVATION PLANE... TWENTY MILES SOUTH-EAST OF ETAH!

GOOD! RETURN TO BASE!



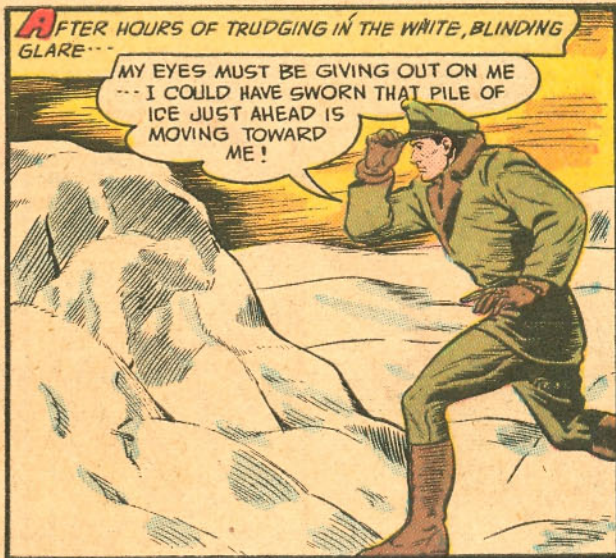
BUT LOST FROM SIGHT IN THE FROZEN MIST BELOW...

WOW! THERE'S BEEN MORE DOING IN THE PAST THIRTY SECONDS THAN THERE WAS DURING OUR WHOLE THIRTY-DAY CRUISE!

CRRRUNCH!



GETTING A LINE ON THOSE INVISIBLE PLANES THAT SHOT ME DOWN DEPENDS ON WHETHER I CAN GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE! NOT MUCH CHANCE I CAN MAKE IT TO ETAH ON FOOT...BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT SET OUT AND HOPE I FIND AN ESKIMO SETTLEMENT ALONG THE WAY!



AFTER HOURS OF TRUDGING IN THE WHITE, BLINDING GLARE...

MY EYES MUST BE GIVING OUT ON ME --- I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT PILE OF ICE JUST AHEAD IS MOVING TOWARD ME!



GARRRGH!

IT'S MOVING, ALL RIGHT...AND IT'S A **POLAR BEAR!**



TANGLING WITH **THIS** BABY NEEDS CAREFUL AIM...AND I'D BETTER --- **OOOPS!**

ARRRGH!

A SINGLE BLOW SENDS TERRY FLYING!

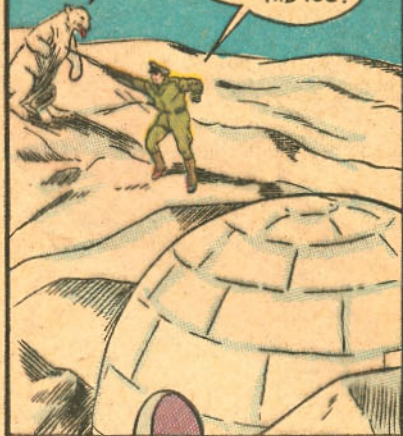


I'VE LOST MY GUN!
THIS'LL BE THE FIRST
TIME ANYONE EVER
FOUGHT OFF A BEAR
WITH AN ICICLE!

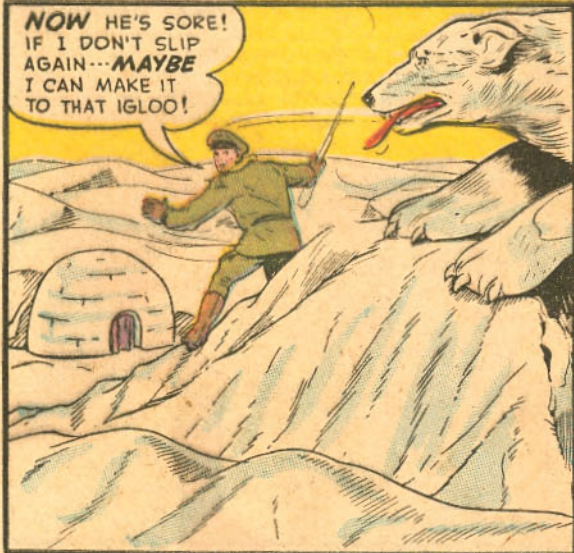


GARRRGH!

BUD, IF YOU'RE
WILLING TO PUT
THIS GRUDGE ON
ICE... I'LL SUPPLY
THE ICE!



NOW HE'S SORE!
IF I DON'T SLIP
AGAIN... *MAYBE*
I CAN MAKE IT
TO THAT IGLOO!



LOOK, CHUM...
THERE'S A BEAR
RIGHT OUT... HEY!
A GIRL!

ARRRGH!



BLAM!

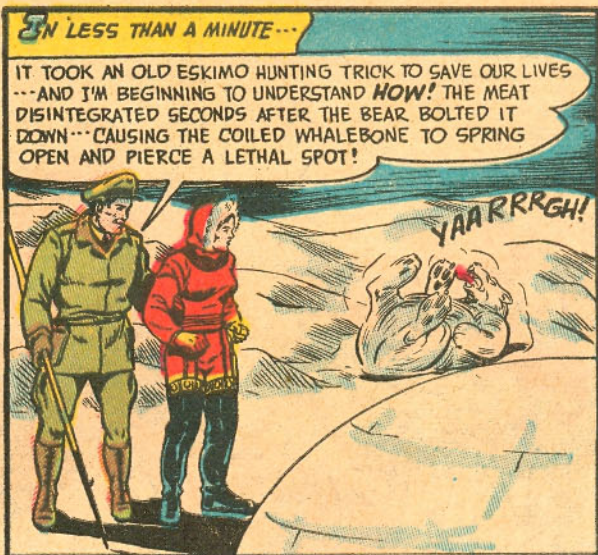
YE GODS... HE'S STARTING
TO SMASH HIS WAY IN!

WAIT...
KANEENA DO!
KANEENA FIX
BEAR!



A COILED STRIP OF WHALE-
BONE AND A PIECE OF MEAT!
I DON'T GET THE DRIFT,
HONEY!







A MOMENT LATER...

BROTHER...WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN INTO? THAT HALF-TRACK'S MARKED WITH A RED STAR...**THE EMBLEM OF THE SLAVONIAN ARMY!**



WARMONGER
...**SPY! GET IN!**

YOU WEREN'T KIDDING WHEN YOU SAID THINGS IN ETAH WERE BAD, KANEENA!



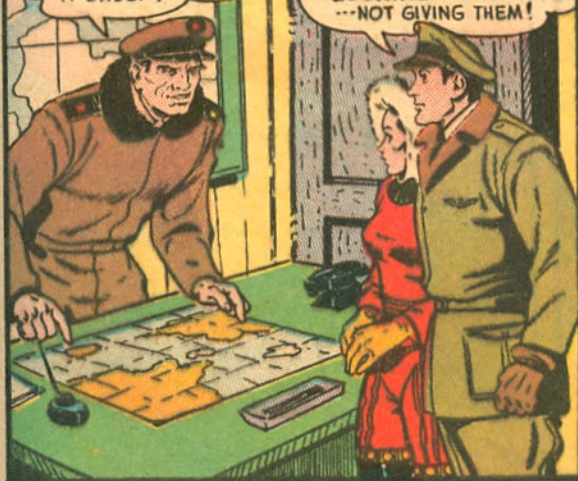
SOON AFTERWARD...

SO THAT'S IT! FOUR LANDING STRIPS, LONG ENOUGH TO HANDLE HEAVY BOMBERS...AND JUST AN EIGHT-HOUR RUN TO THE EAST COAST OF THE U.S.!



AN AMERICAN, EH? WHAT IS YOUR UNIT? WHERE IS IT BASED?

GO POLISH UP YOUR RED STAR, BUD! I'M **LOOKING** FOR ANSWERS...NOT GIVING THEM!



WHAT MADE YOU YANKEES SUSPICIOUS ENOUGH TO SEND OUT AN OBSERVER? ONLY ONE OF THE MONGOLS WE BROUGHT FROM ASIA PROVED TO BE A TRAITOR TO COMMUNISM, AND TRIED TO ESCAPE...BUT I UNDERSTAND OUR SEARCH PLANES LEFT **HIM** IN NO CONDITION TO TALK!

HE **DIDN'T** TALK! BUT THAT NATIVE CAMEL HAIR SHIRT HE WORE UNDER HIS PARKA GAVE ME THE IDEA HE MUST HAVE COME ORIGINALLY FROM A PLACE LIKE MONGOLIA, WHERE CAMELS ARE PLENTIFUL...AND NOT GREENLAND!



ANYWAY, PUNK...CONGRATULATIONS...IT'S THE SMOOTHEST TRICK SINCE PEARL HARBOR! OUR NAVY SUPPLY SHIP PUTS INTO ETAH EVERY THREE MONTHS...AND FEEDS A BUNCH OF MONGOLS FROM COMMUNIST SIBERIA...UNDER THE IMPRESSION **THEY'RE** THE ESKIMOS YOU'VE ROUNDED UP FOR SLAVE LABOR **HERE!**

I'M GLAD YOU UNDERSTAND THE SITUATION! SINCE YOU AND THE GIRL HAVE VENTURED INTO COMMUNIST-HELD TERRITORY, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING YOU CAN EXPECT...**IMMEDIATE EXECUTION AS SPIES!**



THE ESKIMO LABORERS ARE BARELY ABLE TO STAND...BUT THERE'S NO USE RISKING AN UPRISING! WE'LL DO THE LIQUIDATING OUT ON THE ICE FIELD!



A HALF-MILE BEYOND...

SORRY YOU'VE GOT TO BE TICKED OFF AS A SPY TOO, KANEENA... BUT THAT'S THE WAY COMMUNISM PLAYS SAFE!



SUDDENLY...



TAMOO! SLEIGH DOG
...BELONG KANEENA!

SEE THAT, SLINKOV
...YOU'RE **SURROUNDED**
BY SPIES!



WE'RE SHOVING
OFF, RATS! ANY
ARGUMENTS?



IT ISN'T WORTH OUR TIME TO PURSUE! LET THEM
DIE ON THE ICE... WITH THE BEARS AND ARCTIC
FOXES REMOVING THE LAST TRACES OF THEM
BY NIGHTFALL!



BUT HOURS LATER... AT THE EDGE OF A FLOE ALONG
THE FROZEN COAST...

FISH? SURE, I SEE
'EM... MOVING
EASTWARD UNDER
THE ICE!

WHERE ARE FISH
...ARE SEALS!
WHERE ARE SEALS
...ARE HUNTERS!



AFTER AN EXHAUSTING TREK...

O.K., SWEETHEART... YOU
WERE RIGHT! WE'VE
FOUND 'EM!





WE WANT TO REACH VILLAGE
---GET PLENTY HUNTERS!
UNDERSTAND?

WAIT!
HEADMAN---HIM
SPEAK INGLISS!



SOON AFTERWARD...

WE HAVE MEBBE FIFTY-SIXTY HUNTERS
AROUND HERE---HIDE FROM COMMUN-
ISTS! WANT VERY MUCH HELP HUNTERS
SLINKOV CATCH IN ETAH, BUT NO GOOD
---NO GOOD WITH HARPOONS AND FEW
OLD GUNS!

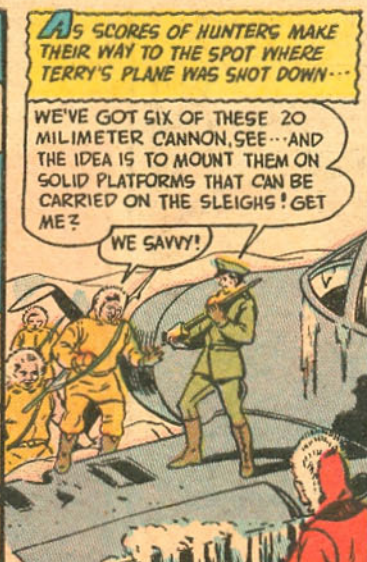
I CAN PROMISE YOU SOMETHING
THAT PACKS A LOT
MORE WALLOP---BUT I'LL
NEED EVERY MAN YOU CAN
ROUND UP!



ALL THAT DAY---DOG SLEDS RACE TO
OUTLYING IGLOOS AND REMOTE HIDEOUTS
IN THE ICE FIELD!

WE ARE ALL MEETING
TWENTY MILES SOUTHEAST
OF ETAH! JOIN US---AND
BRING THE OTHERS!

WE WILL
BE
THERE!



AS SCORES OF HUNTERS MAKE
THEIR WAY TO THE SPOT WHERE
TERRY'S PLANE WAS SHOT DOWN---

WE'VE GOT SIX OF THESE 20
MILIMETER CANNON, SEE---AND
THE IDEA IS TO MOUNT THEM ON
SOLID PLATFORMS THAT CAN BE
CARRIED ON THE SLEIGHS! GET
ME?

WE SAVVY!



O.K.---THEY'RE READY! NOW---
I WANT FIVE MEN WHO OWN
RIFLES---OR KNOW HOW TO
FIRE ONE!

I GOT!

ME,
BOGS!



WITH THE HUSKY-POWERED ARTILLERY READY TO
SET OUT---

BABY, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT BUILD-
ING UP A YEN FOR ME---BECAUSE
THERE'S NO USE BOTH OF US
BEING CHUMPS!

KANEENA
WAIT! COME
BACK---COME
BACK!



AN HOUR AND A HALF LATER---

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM!

QUICK---RADIO
ETAH FOR RE-
INFORCEMENTS!

THE COWARDLY SAVAGES HAVE CAUGHT US OFF GUARD! WE MUST GET TO ONE OF THE PLANES, SLINKOV... WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME!

BLAM!

BANG!
BANG!

WE'LL SEE WHO'S BEEN CAUGHT OFF GUARD! A TRUCKLOAD OF OUR MONGOL SHOCK TROOPS IS PULLING UP BEHIND THOSE FIVE SLEDS WITH THE CANNON!

WHAT SLINKOV DIDN'T COUNT ON WAS THE SIXTH SLED... AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

THE FURTHER YOU TRAVEL FOR TROUBLE, STOOGES... THE MORE YOU'RE GOING TO GET!

BLAM!
BLAM!

Then... NEAR ONE OF THE LANDING STRIPS...

THE LABORERS... THEY'VE REVOLTED!

SLINKOV!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!

As THE SLAVONIANS MILL IN CONFUSION...

JUST BETWEEN US, BUD... I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO RUNNING OUT OF AMMUNITION!

SOON AFTERWARD...

LOOK! THEY FLY WHITE FLAG!

NATURALLY! THAT'S WHAT COMMUNISM WILL ALWAYS HOIST... WHENEVER IT RUNS HEADON INTO DEMOCRACY!

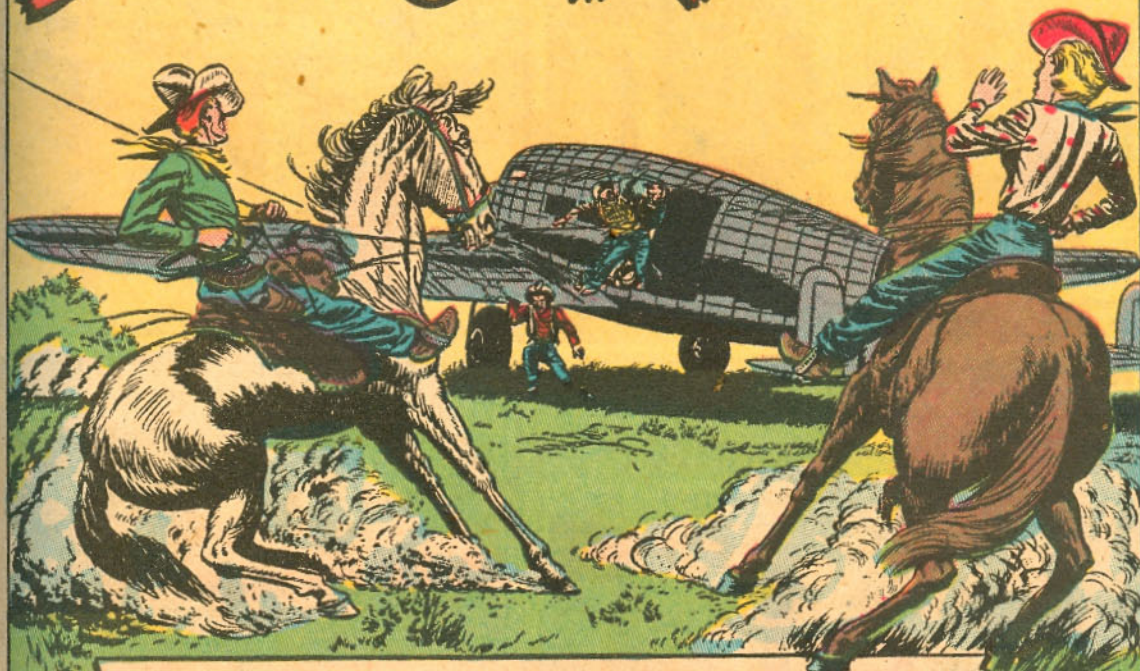
IN THE SOFT HALF-LIGHT OF THE ARCTIC MIDNIGHT...

ETAH GOOD! KANEENA HAPPY!

SWEETHEART... NOW YOU'RE TALKING THE KIND OF LINGO A NAVY MAN CAN UNDERSTAND!

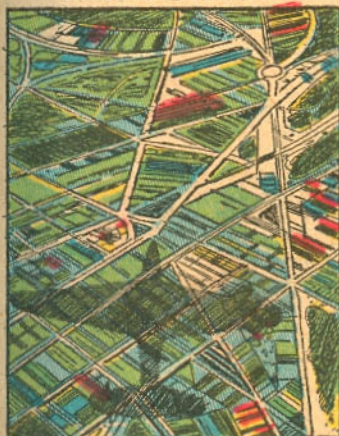
THE END! 10

Sabotage Roundup



Is any part of the United States safe from the crafty designs of Communist agents? Sabotage and violence may seem out of place in the vast, isolated ranch country of the Far West -- but it's a region marked for destruction until a two-fisted Texan stages a crashing counterattack!

DOZENS OF WEALTHY TEXAS OIL DRILLERS AND RANCHERS FLY TWO-ENGINE SKY CRUISERS-- AND THE PLANE CIRCLING OVER AMARILLO ONE EVENING ATTRACTS LITTLE ATTENTION...



BUT INSIDE THE CABIN ...

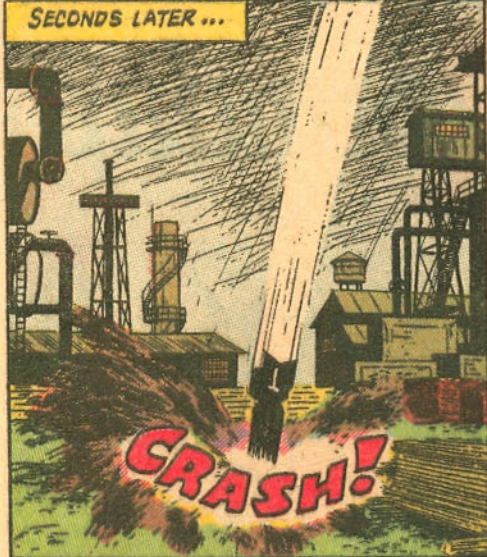
IT'S GETTING DARK, BARKER! BUT EVEN IF THE GUARDS AT THAT HELIUM PLANT SEE THE BOMB FALL-- THEY WON'T LIVE TO TALK ABOUT IT!

JUST ONE BLAST-- BUT IT WILL PARALYZE THE ENTIRE AMERICAN H-BOMB PROJECT! HELIUM HAS BEEN DESIGNATED AS ONE OF THE ESSENTIAL COMPONENTS OF THE H-BOMB -- AND **THERE'S** THE SOURCE OF THE WORLD'S ENTIRE PRODUCTION -- DIRECTLY BELOW US!

THERE IT GOES -- THE FIRST SLAVONIAN BOMB EVER TO LAND ON AMERICAN SOIL -- **A SYMBOL OF THE COMING COMMUNIST VICTORY OVER DEMOCRACY!**



SECONDS LATER ...



THAT'S SOME SYMBOL, BARKER-- A DUD!

DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES -- WE HAVEN'T FAILED YET! LIKE THE HUNDREDS OF COMMUNIST AGENTS SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES, THAT BOMB MAY BE INVISIBLE-- BUT IT'S WAITING TO BE ACTIVATED! ANY HEAVY, REPEATED CONCUSSION WILL SET IT OFF -- AND YOU CAN COUNT ON ME TO FIND A METHOD!



FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE PARTLY-BURIED BOMB REMAINS UNNOTICED AMID THE BUSTLING ACTIVITY OF NEW CONSTRUCTION AT THE HELIUM PLANT--A THOUSAND POUNDS OF VIOLENT DEATH THAT MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY BE TOUCHED OFF AT ANY SECOND!



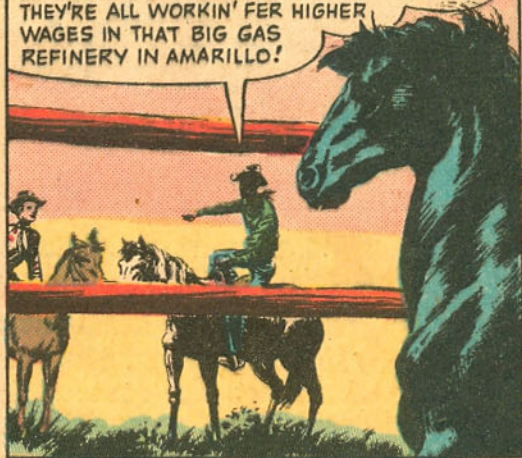
MEANWHILE, ON A RANCH THIRTY MILES WEST OF AMARILLO-- WHERE COMMUNISM IS A RARELY-SPOKEN WORD ASSOCIATED WITH A DUMPY DICTATOR HALF A WORLD AWAY --

CRIMPERS, TIP -- WHAT'S THE USE OF EVEN MENTIONING MARRIAGE -- WHEN I'M SURE YOU'LL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING ON THIS GOSH-FORSKEN COW RANCH!

NOW, JEST A MINUTE, CLAUDIA! THIS HERE RANCH WAS GOOD ENOUGH FER FOUR GENERATIONS OF US HAMMONDS -- AND I'M NOT LOOKIN' FER A CHANGE!



THE ONE THING THAT'S BEEN HOLDIN' ME DOWN IS THAT I'M NIGH WORN TO A FRAZZLE RUNNIN' THE PLACE BY MYSELF! IT'S NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE TO HIRE COWPOKES -- BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL WORKIN' FER HIGHER WAGES IN THAT BIG GAS REFINERY IN AMARILLO!



TIP, I'D HATE TO HAVE YOU MISUNDERSTAND MY ATTITUDE! I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN DOING THE WORK OF FOUR MEN THESE PAST FEW MONTHS-- AND I'D DO ANYTHING TO HELP YOU!

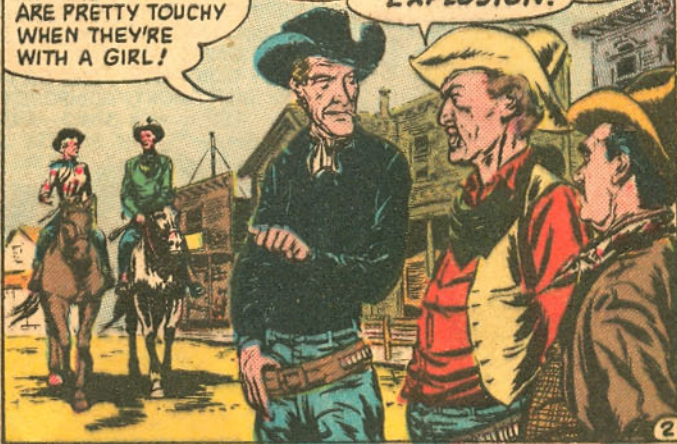
SURE ... ANYTHING BUT MARRY ME!

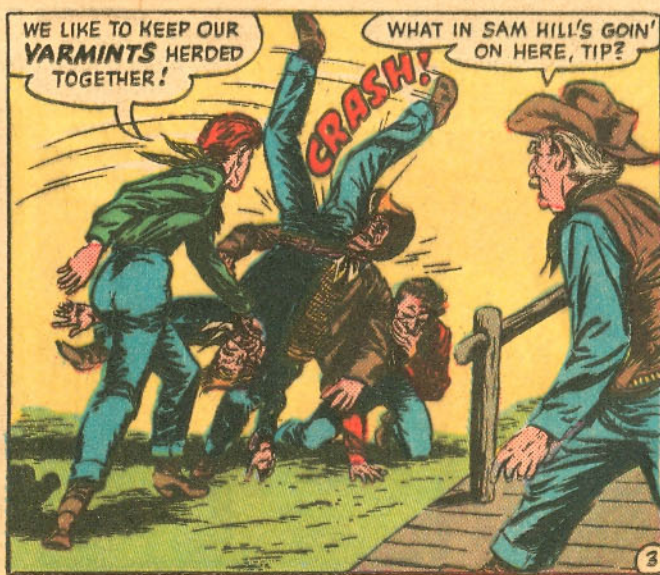
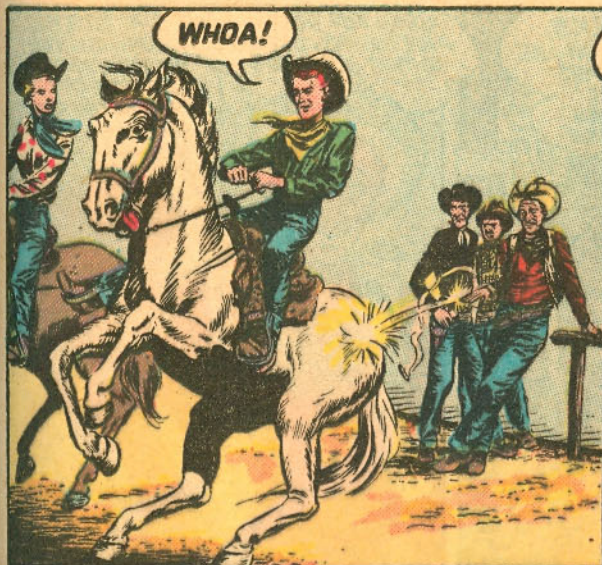


Soon afterward --

HOW ABOUT HIM, BARKER? THEY SAY THESE TEXANS ARE PRETTY TOUCHY WHEN THEY'RE WITH A GIRL!

IT'S A PRETTY RISKY PLAN -- BUT IF THESE COW-JOCKEYS ARE AS DUMB AS I THINK THEY ARE, THIS'LL BE OUR FIRST STEP TOWARD THAT EXPLOSION!



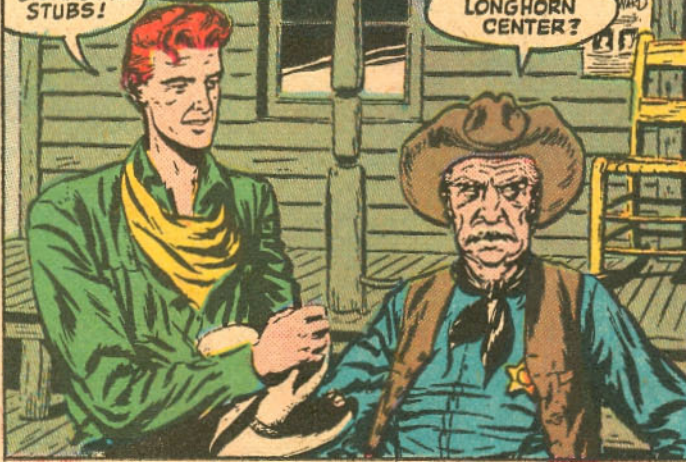


IT'S NOTHIN' TO GET INTO A SWEAT ABOUT, SHERIFF-- JEST A FEW MONTANA WADDIES LEARNIN' THAT TEXANS ALWAYS STOMP ON CIGARETTE STUBS!

STRANGERS, EH? JEST WHAT ARE YUH WADDIES DOIN' IN LONGHORN CENTER?

WE'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING, SHERIFF! IS THAT A CRIME?

IT IS IN **THESE** PARTS, MISTER! I'M RUNNIN' IN THE THREE O' YUH ON A VAGRANCY CHARGE!



SOON AFTERWARD...

PLUG -- HERE'S SOME COMPANY FER YUH AN' YORE BOYS!

A HALF-HOUR LATER-- AS TIP AND CLAUDIA RIDE OUT OF TOWN...

I DON'T RECKON THOSE THREE MONTANA MULE-SKINNERS MEANT ANY HARM! ANYWAY-- I HOPE THE SHERIFF DOESN'T KEEP 'EM PENNED UP TOO LONG WITH HARD-HITTIN' RUSTLERS LIKE PLUG GILMORE AN' HIS PARDS!

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY WANTED TO PICK A FIGHT, TIP! THEY'RE SURE A HEAP DIFFERENT FROM COW-PUNCHERS HERE IN THE LONE STAR!

CRIMPERS, HONEY -- THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! SINCE THOSE HOMBRES ARE CHARGED WITH VAGRANCY-- WHY NOT OFFER 'EM JOBS ON MY RANCH?



MINUTES LATER-- BACK AT THE HOOSEGOW...

PARDNER, YUH'RE BARKIN' UP THE WRONG TREE! I DON'T WANT NO PART OF THAT DEAL O' YOUR'N!

YUH'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA, TIP! RECKON A BIT O' WORK WILL DO THE MONTANA VARMINTS A WORLD O' GOOD!

GIT MOVIN'-- THE THREE O' YUH! I'M PAROLIN' YUH SO'S YUH KIN RIDE HERD FER TIP HAMMOND!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE **RELEASING** US? YOU CAN'T FORCE US TO WORK, SHERIFF -- WE'RE STAYING **HERE!**



JEST A MINUTE, SHERIFF!
THAR'S SOMETHIN' I'D LIKE
TUH SAY ABOUT THIS!

YUH KIN HOLD
YORE PALAVER,
PLUG, BECAUSE THIS
HERE OFFER DOESN'T
APPLY TUH **RUSTLERS!**
VAMOOSE, BARKER --
YUH'VE GOT
CHORES
WAITIN'!

SOON AFTERWARD -- A MILE FROM TIP'S RANCH --

THAR'S MY MAIN HERD, BARKER!
YOU-AN' YORE PARDS BETTER GET
SOME SHUT-EYE WHEN WE REACH
THE RANCH -- BECAUSE WE'LL
BE IN THE SADDLE AT DAWN
TO LOOK FOR STRAYS!

BLAZES, BARKER -- YOU
QUEERED THINGS **GOOD!**
WHY DID YOU HAVE TO
TELL THAT RUSTLER WE
WERE COMMUNIST
AGENTS -- WHEN YOU
TRIED TO TALK HIM
INTO FINDING US
A HERD?

I HAD TO OFFER TO POST
A BOND TO GET HIM OUT
OF JAIL **FIRST--** AND
HE WANTED TO KNOW WHERE
I GOT ALL THE MONEY I'M
CARRYING! I **HAD** TO
TELL HIM A STRAIGHT STORY
-- RATHER THAN HAVE HIM
BACK OUT LATER!

THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!
HE'LL BE TAKING HER HOME ANY
MINUTE -- AND THEN WE CAN RUSTLE
HIS HERD
BY OURSELVES!

YOU'D BETTER
THINK AGAIN,
BARKER!
**LOOK
WHO'S
COMING!**

SO GILMORE TOLD THE SHERIFF, EH?
WELL, THIS RANCH IS ABOUT AS
FAR AS THE NEWS
IS GOING TO
GET!

**BANG!
BANG!**

PLUG GILMORE! HOPPIN'
HORNED TOADS -- **HE'S
KILLED THE
SHERIFF!**

BANG!

I-I RECKON THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO, TIP!
EXCEPT TO TRY TO HEAD PLUG OFF! I'LL GET THOSE MONTANA WADDIES TO GIVE ME A HAND!

UNEXPECTEDLY-- AS TIP AND CLAUDIA ENTER THE BUNKHOUSE --

WE'VE GOT THINGS PLANNED FOR YOU, HAMMOND -- AND HERE'S THE FIRST STEP!

I DON'T SAVVY WHAT YOU BUZZARDS ARE UP TO -- BUT I'LL BET IT'S NOTHIN' TRIFLIN'!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MY FRIEND -- IT'S SABOTAGE! SEVERAL DAYS AGO, WE DROPPED A BOMB ON THE AMARILLO HELIUM PLANT THAT FAILED TO EXPLODE! WE CAN REMEDY THAT BY DRIVING A HERD OF CATTLE OVER THE SPOT-- AND WE'RE TAKING YOURS!

YOU SEE, WE **DELIBERATELY** STARTED TROUBLE SO WE'D LAND IN JAIL -- THE ONE SPOT WHERE WE'D BE PRETTY SURE OF CONTACTING A RUSTLER WHO COULD STEER US TO A LIKELY HERD! UNFORTUNATELY, PLUG REFUSED TO COOPERATE! -- BUT I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT HIM TALKING! IF **YOU** BELIEVED HE SHOT THE SHERIFF, SO WILL EVERYONE ELSE -- **AND HE'LL BE AFRAID TO SHOW HIS FACE!**

AS FOR **YOU TWO** -- IT'LL BE JUST ONE MORE THING TO BLAME ON PLUG GILMORE!

OH! HE - HE'S SET THAT KEROSENE AFIRE!

WOOSH!

AS THE FLAMES MOUNT --

I DON'T CARE ABOUT MYSELF, CLAUDIA -- BUT I MUST'VE BEEN PLUMB LOCO TO GIT **YOU** INTO THIS!

I MUST-HAVE BEEN LOCO TOO, DARLING -- NOT MARRYING YOU WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE! IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF I'LL GET ANOTHER -- **AND I LOVE YOU, TIP!**

MINUTES LATER --

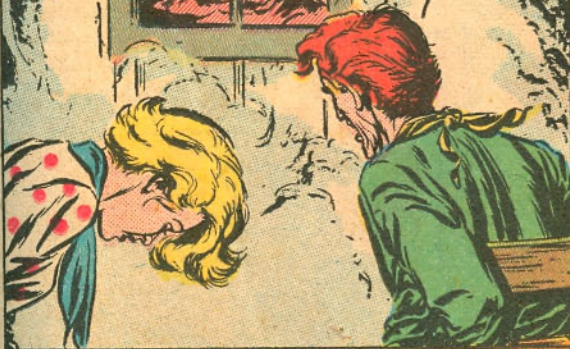
JUMPIN' JIMSON, PLUG -- TIP HAMMOND AND THE GAL ARE INSIDE THAR!

NEVER MIND THE PALAVER -- **LET'S GIT 'EM OUT!**

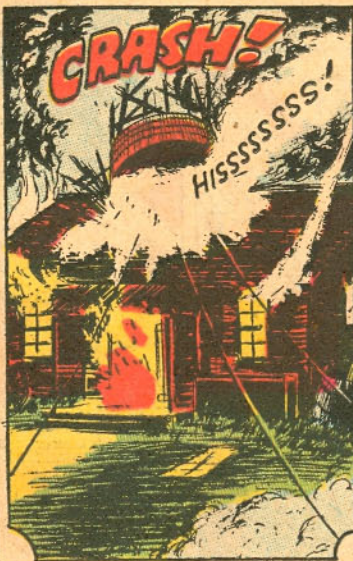
THAR'S NO USE
TRYIN' TUH SAVE
'EM! IT'D BE
LIKE WALKIN'
INTUH A
FURNACE!

PLUG -- GET MOUNTED!
THROW YOUR -- ROPES
AROUND -- **THE**
STORAGE TANK!

**HUSTLE ALONG WITH THAT THAR
ROPE, YUCCA -- AN' DON'T
MISS!**



**THEN -- AS THREE SNORTING
BRONCS PITCH FORWARD --**



THEN -- WITH THE FLAMES STIFLED --

CRIMPERS, PLUG --
AN' I WAS READY
TO THINK **YOU**
PLUGGED THE
SHERIFF WHEN
I SAW YOU
HIGHTAILIN'
OFF!

NOT PACKIN'
GUNS -- THAR
WASN'T MUCH
ELSE I **COULD**
DO WHEN THEM
SPIES STARTED
THROWIN'
LEAD,
PARDNER!



I TRIED TUH TELL THE SHERIFF
ABOUT BARKER'S OFFER BEFORE
YUH LEFT THE HOOSEGOW WITH
THEM POLECATS -- BUT HE
WOULDN'T LISTEN UNTIL HE
WAS READY TUH LOCK UP
FER THE NIGHT!

HONEY, WE'VE
GOT TO STREAK
TO AMARILLO
PRONTO! I'LL
BE THINKIN' OF
YOU UNTIL WE
GET BACK --
BECAUSE WE'VE
SHORE GOT
PLENTY TO
TALK OVER!



MEBBE I'M AN OUTLAW --
BUT I SHORE GOT NO USE
FER THEM SIDEWINDIN'
SPIES! THAT'S WHY I
STREAKED BACK TUH THE
HOUSEGOW TUH GIT MUH
PARDS -- I FIGGERED YUH'D
NEED **HELP, TIP!**

RECKON THERE ISN'T
ENOUGH TIME TO THANK
YOU NOW, PLUG! BARKER
MUST HAVE MY HERD
MOVIN' BY NOW -- SO
OUR ONE CHANCE IS
TO **HEAD THEM OFF**
BEFORE THEY
REACH THE
HELIUM PLANT!



THREE HOURS
LATER --

I DON'T SAVVY WHAT
THOSE COWPOKES ARE
UP TO--UNLESS THEY'RE
JUST TRYING TO HAND
US A SCARE BEFORE
THEY TURN THE HERD
TOWARD THE
STOCKYARD!



YAAHOOO! WORKING LIKE CLOCKWORK, EH? WITHIN
A FEW MINUTES, A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLAR INDUSTRIAL
AREA WILL BE IN RUINS -- AND THE ONLY MAN
WHO CAN IMPLICATE **US** WILL
BE SHOT DEAD ON SIGHT!



SUDDENLY -- JUST A FEW YARDS FROM THE PLANT--

THEY'RE STARTING
TO TURN! KEEP
AFTER 'EM!

YAAHOOO!

BANG!

BANG!



AS THE HERD SWINGS AROUND --

NOW WE'VE GOT THREE
VARMINTS THAT'LL TAKE A
MITE ROUGHER
TREATMENT,
PLUG!

AAGH!

**BANG!
BANG!**

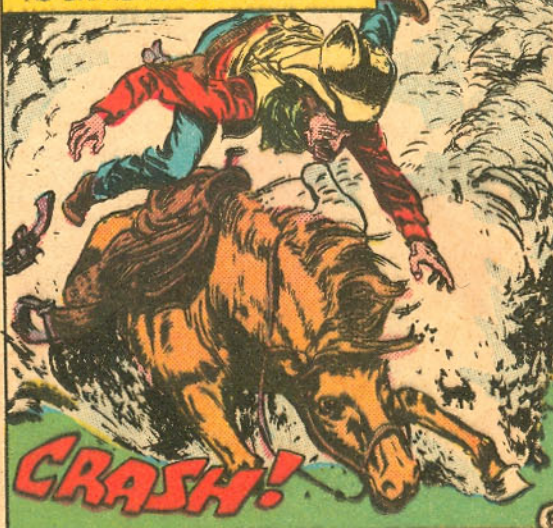


THEN -- JUST AHEAD OF THE STAMPEDING
STEERS --

SO-- THE TWO OF THEM JOINED
FORCES, EH? THEY'LL FIND HOW MUCH **THAT**
MEANS WHEN I SHOW THEM WHAT A CRACK
PISTOL SHOT
CAN DO!



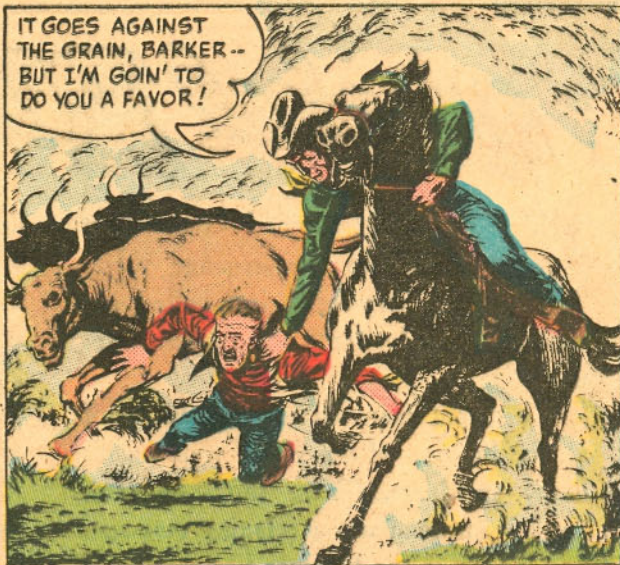
AS BARKER SPURS FORWARD --



CRASH!



GOOD LORD--THE
STEERS! STOP THEM!
STOP THEM!



IT GOES AGAINST
THE GRAIN, BARKER--
BUT I'M GOIN' TO
DO YOU A FAVOR!



THAT'S MORE
THAN YOU CAN
EXPECT FROM
ME,
FOOL!

WAM!

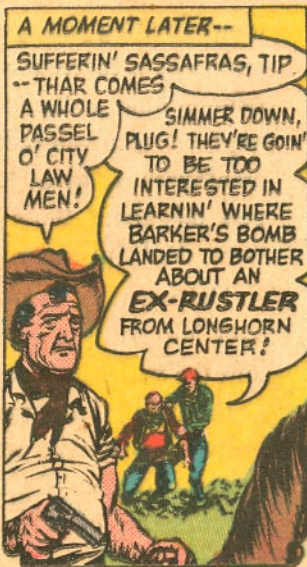


BARKER, I'M BEGINNIN' TO
SAVVY HOW YOU COMMUNIST
BUZZARDS OPERATE --



--AN' I'VE GOT A
NOTION OF **WHAT**
TO DO ABOUT
IT!

POW!



A MOMENT LATER--

SUFFERIN' SASSAFRAS, TIP
--THAR COMES
A WHOLE
PASSEL
O' CITY
LAW
MEN!

SIMMER DOWN,
PLUG! THEY'RE GOIN'
TO BE TOO
INTERESTED IN
LEARNIN' WHERE
BARKER'S BOMB
LANDED TO BOTHER
ABOUT AN
EX-RUSTLER
FROM LONGHORN
CENTER!



NEXT DAY...

GOLLY, CLAUDIA--MEBBE I DON'T
HAVE TO BE STUCK ON THE
RANCH AFTER ALL! I'VE GOT MYSELF OFFERS
TO TAKE THE SHERIFF'S JOB -- GO TO
HOLLYWOOD TO PLAY IN THEM WESTERN
MOVIES -- AN' WRITE A NEWSPAPER
SERIES ON HOW WE TRAPPED
THEM SPIES!

HEAVENS--WHY
GIVE UP RANCHING
NOW, TIP! AFTER
ALL, PLUG AND HIS
MEN ARE WAITING
TO WORK FOR YOU--
AND **I'M** JUST
ABOUT READY TO
SETTLE
DOWN
TOO!

• THE END •

Alcohol RUBDOWN

JIM BANNON grinned as the stout man came into the massage room. "Hello, Mr. Browne," Jim called out cheerily, "ready for your rubdown today?"

The stout man sighed wearily, as if all the burdens of the world were on his fleshy shoulders. "Yes, Jim," he said, "and I sure can use a relaxing massage. My bureau in the Defense Department is absolutely swamped with work—and since I'll be working late again tonight, I'll need the kind of a pickup that only an expert masseur like you can give me."

While Mr. Browne was stripping, Jim went into his inner office and placed a phone call. Before he hung up, he said into the mouthpiece, "Hmm, so Browne said he'd be leaving his office early tonight, eh? Yes, Chief—I know what to do—I'll take care of everything!"

Back in the massage room, Jim went to work on the stout man, kneading his flabby muscles and fatty tissues vigorously, listening to Browne grunting as his back was thoroughly worked over. In between grunts, Browne kept saying, "You are the best . . . oof . . . masseur in Washington . . . mmf . . . Jim! I'm sure glad . . . hunh . . . the Defense Chief . . . oof . . . recommended you!"

Jim gave Browne's shoulders a final workout and then placed a towel over the man. "All right, sir—you'll have to rest quietly for five minutes now if you're to get the full relaxing benefit out of the massage. I'll be back when the time's up."

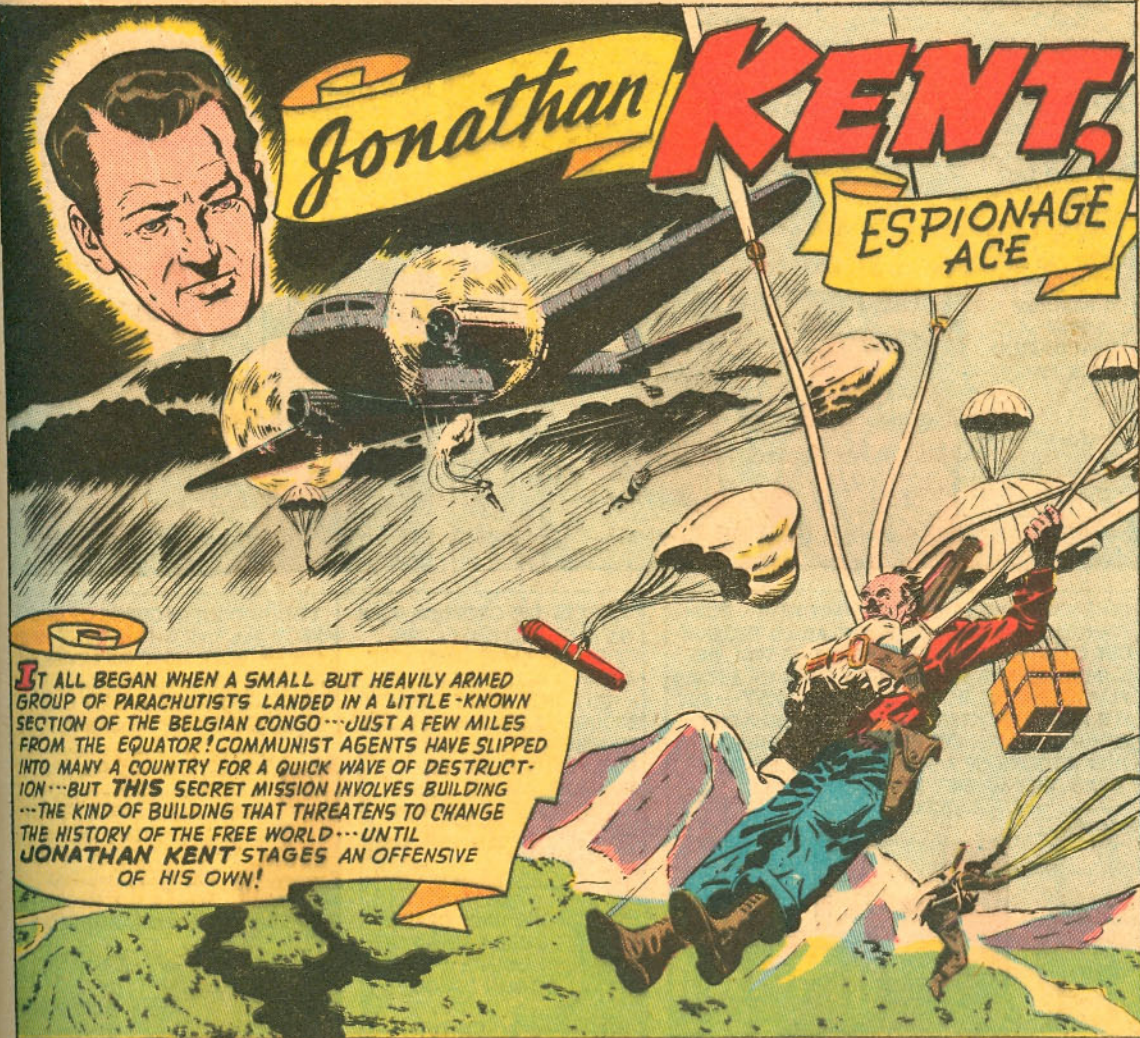
Back in the outer office, Jim went swiftly through Browne's clothes—and

finally came up with a plain, unmarked, sealed envelope. "This might be it," Jim thought. "I've got to find out what's inside this envelope, but without letting Browne know about it! There's no time to steam the envelope open—so there's only one thing to do!"

Jim swiftly poured some rubbing alcohol from his medicine chest into his palm, and then smeared the alcohol over the envelope. Instantly, the envelope became transparent—and as Jim held it up to the light, he was able to read the message inside: "*Meet X at SW corner Vintner St. tonight—bring defense secrets.*"

Jim grinned as he waved the envelope in the air so that the quick-drying alcohol would evaporate faster, leaving not the slightest trace of its application. So Browne was so sure of himself that he even carried incriminating messages around on his person—well, he was certainly due for a surprise tonight when Jim's fellow Counter-Intelligence agents closed in on him and Mr. X! The Chief's idea of setting Jim up in business in Washington as a masseur was certainly paying off—as long as the top government heads kept on recommending Jim to all their employees—and as long as Jim was tipped off about those of his clients who were doubtful security risks!

Putting the thoroughly dried letter back into Browne's pocket, Jim went back into the massage room. And as he looked at the flabby back muscles of the spy, he knew that Browne would have plenty of exercise to strengthen those muscles—on the rock-pile of a Federal penitentiary!



WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED, ZAROV! THERE'S A BOAT-LOAD OF NATIVE RIFLEMEN COMING UPRIVER!

NO USE HIDING... WITH TONS OF MATERIAL STREWEN ALL OVER! GET UP THE FIELD GUN ---AND BLAST THEM OUT OF THE WATER BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO LAND!

AND SO THE COMMUNISTS KEEP THEIR SECRET...KEEP IT WITH A SHATTERING AMBUSH THAT SMASHES THE LAUNCH INTO MATCH-WOOD...

**BOOM!
BLAM!**

...AND SENDS THE SURVIVING NATIVE TROOPS PLUMMETING OVER ONE OF THE GREATEST CATARACTS IN THE WORLD...STANLEY FALLS!

AAAGH!

ZAROV...
REMEMBER HIM
AS A DANGEROUS
MAN CHOSEN
FOR A DANGEROUS
UNDERTAKING... A VETERAN
SPY WHO WILL
DOUBLE ON HIS
TRAIL LIKE A
FOX... DARTING
FROM THE CONGO
TO THE SAFETY
OF THE IRON
CURTAIN... AND
FROM THERE TO
NEW YORK!

NOW WE CAN BEGIN! IF EVERYTHING WORKS
OUT ON SCHEDULE, **ONE** AMERICAN WILL DIE
WITHIN SIX MONTHS... AND MILLIONS MORE
WILL BE **READY** FOR DEATH SOON
AFTERWARD!



BUT CRAFTY AND METHODOICAL AS HE IS,
THERE ARE SEVERAL FACTORS ZAROV ISN'T
COUNTING ON... AND ONE OF THEM IS THE
U.S. COUNTERESPIONAGE SERVICE! A HALF
YEAR LATER... IN WASHINGTON...

GOT A MINUTE, KENT?
HERE'S AN URGENT
REPORT FROM THE
TECHNICAL INVESTI-
GATING SECTION!

THROW IT ON MY
DESK, BILL... THE
CHIEF AND I ARE
WORKING ON A
TOP-DRAWER
ASSIGNMENT FOR
THE STATE
DEPARTMENT!



HERE'S WHAT WE'VE GOT TO START WITH... CON-
FIDENTIAL TIPS FROM AGENTS PLANTED THROUGH-
OUT COMMUNIST EUROPE... INDICATING THAT THE
SLAVONIANS ARE SETTING UP A CHAIN OF A-BOMB
PLANTS! THEY'RE NOT IN OPERATION **YET**... BUT
IT'S A SURE BET THE COMMUNISTS WOULDN'T
SPEND MILLIONS ON THOSE PLANTS UNLESS
THEY'RE SURE OF A STEADY SUPPLY OF SOME-
THING THEY HAVEN'T HAD **UNTIL** NOW
... **URANIUM!**



THAT'S THE QUESTION MARK
WE'VE GOT TO BUST OPEN,
CHIEF! THE SLAVONIANS HAVE
A FEW SMALL URANIUM FIELDS
... BUT THEY DON'T YIELD
ENOUGH TO WARRANT A-BOMB
PRODUCTION ON A LARGE
SCALE! IT'S PLAIN THE
COMMUNISTS ARE COUNT-
ING ON **TONS** OF URANIUM
ORE... BUT WHERE'S IT
COMING FROM?

TAKE YOUR PICK!
THE ONLY SIZABLE
URANIUM MINES ARE
IN CANADA... THE
BELGIAN CONGO...
AND THE
UNITED STATES!



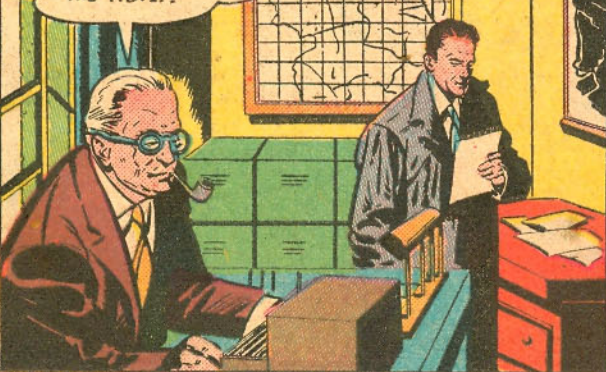
YEP... AND EVERY OUNCE OF ORE
FROM ALL THREE PLACES IS PRO-
DUCED UNDER TIGHT SUPERVISION!
IF THERE **IS** A LEAK SOMEWHERE...
WE'LL NEED SOME MIGHTY LUCKY
BREAKS BEFORE WE CAN DETECT
IT!

ATTENTION... ALL SECTIONS!
SLAVONIAN AGENT R-1904,
PARTY NAME ZAROV REPEAT
ZAROV, DEFINITELY KNOWN
TO BE AT LARGE IN THE
VICINITY OF WASHING-
TON! F.B.I. REQUESTS
ALL AVAILABLE DATA!



ZAROV... HE'S NOT IN
OUR RECORDS, KENT... AND
FRANKLY, WITH THE STATE
DEPARTMENT IN A SWEAT
ABOUT THOSE MYSTERIOUS
A-BOMB PLANTS, I'D JUST
AS SOON LEAVE HIM TO
THE F.B.I.!

WAIT... THAT NAME'S RING-
ING BELLS LIKE A HOT
PINBALL MACHINE! HOLY
SMOKE, IT'S **HERE**... ON
THIS REPORT BILL JUST
HANDED ME!



TECHNICAL INVESTIGATING SECTION
CONFIDENTIAL
An anonymous source has re-
vealed that a man named Zarov,
believed to be a Communist
agent, has visited Vernon
Harris, construction
engineer, at 120 Campus Rd.



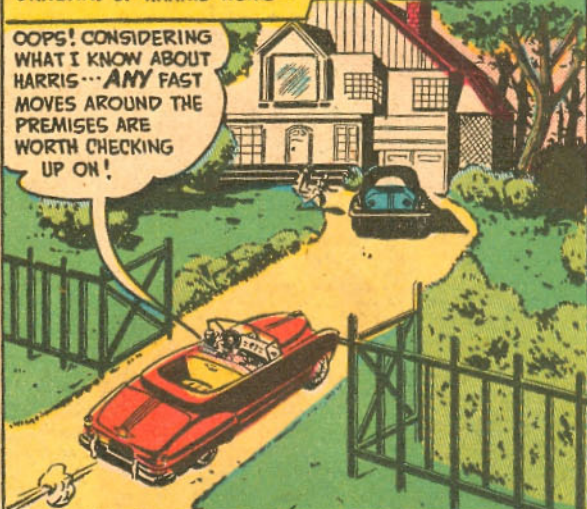
HOLD IT, KENT---BLIND LEADS ARE A DIME A DOZEN! YOU CAN'T GO CHASING OFF AT A TIME LIKE THIS--- WITH EVERY K.I.P. IN WASHINGTON ON OUR NECKS!

O.K....STALL 'EM! IF THERE'S ANYTHING MORE **IMMEDIATELY** IMPORTANT THAN THE SOURCE OF SLAVONIA'S URANIUM SUPPLY, IT'S A TOP-FLIGHT ENGINEER WHO'S TEAMED WITH A COMMUNIST AGENT---AND I'M NOSING OUT THE REASON!



MINUTES LATER---AS JONATHAN SWINGS INTO THE DRIVEWAY OF HARRIS' HOME---

OOOPS! CONSIDERING WHAT I KNOW ABOUT HARRIS---**ANY** FAST MOVES AROUND THE PREMISES ARE WORTH CHECKING UP ON!



SLOW DOWN, BOYS! GOT A MOMENT FOR THE COUNTERESPIONAGE SERVICE?

VERY DEFINITELY---AND THAT'S NOT ALL!

A **GUN**, EH? BUSTER, YOU'RE GETTING OFF TO A BAD START!

BANG!

WAM!



POW!



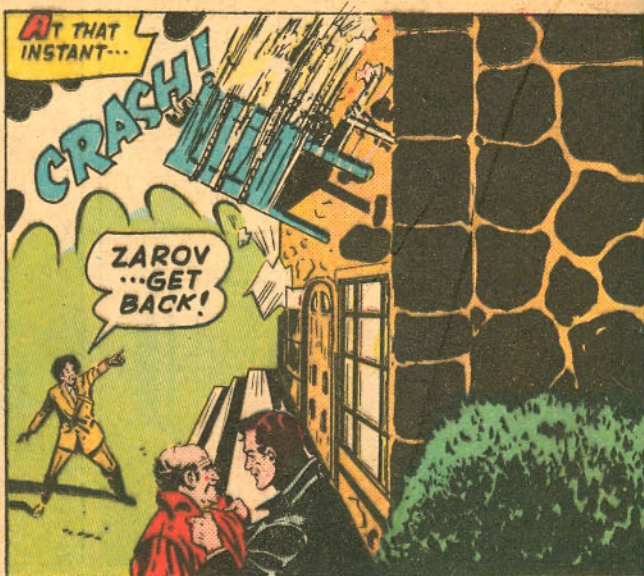
HELP!

CRASH!



NOW I'M **TELLING** YOU, RATS---YOU **HAVE** GOT A MOMENT FOR THE COUNTERESPIONAGE SERVICE!

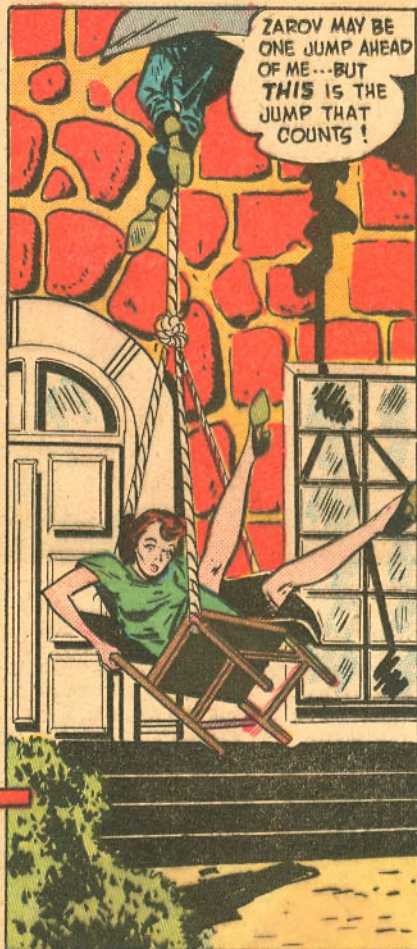




WE'RE LUCKY THEY KNOTTED ONE END OF THIS ROPE TO THE CHAIR! SIT TIGHT, BABY --- YOU AND I ARE GOING TO MAKE TIME!



ZAROV MAY BE ONE JUMP AHEAD OF ME...BUT THIS IS THE JUMP THAT COUNTS!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT---



GOOD HEAVENS... THAT WAS CLOSE! ARE...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SURE... CONSIDERING I'M NOT THE ONE ZAROV WAS AFTER! BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T SAY AS MUCH FOR YOUR BROTHER, SWEETHEART... HE'S PINNED UNDER THE WRECKAGE!

IT'S MY FAULT...FOR NOT LEARNING THAT VERNON WAS MIXED UP IN SOME KIND OF COMMUNIST PLOT WHEN ZAROV FIRST VISITED HIM SIX MONTHS AGO!

EASY! THERE'S **STILL** TIME TO NAIL THE PLOT...BUT TO DO THAT, YOU'LL HAVE TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER AND COME OUT WITH SOME **FACTS!**

I DIDN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING WHEN ZAROV AND MY BROTHER SPENT SEVERAL BUSY WEEKS AT THE TIME OF THEIR FIRST MEETING...WORKING OUT PLANS FOR WHAT SEEMED TO BE A COMPLICATED CONSTRUCTION JOB! BUT JUST A WEEK AGO, VERNON MENTIONED THAT ZAROV WAS RETURNING TO PAY HIM A \$20,000 FEE...AND I THOUGHT IT STRANGE THAT SUCH A LARGE AMOUNT SHOULD BE PAID FOR A FEW WEEKS' WORK!



I WENT THROUGH VERNON'S PAPERS...AND FOUND A COMMUNIST PARTY MEMBERSHIP CARD! **THEN** IT DAWNED ON ME THAT ALL OF HIS WORK FOR ZAROV HAD BEEN DONE **HERE**. AT NIGHT...INSTEAD OF AT HIS ENGINEERING OFFICE, WHERE HIS ASSISTANTS COULD HAVE HANDLED MANY OF THE ROUTINE DETAILS! THAT MEANT A **SECRET PROJECT**...AND ONE THAT SHOULD BE REPORTED, NOW THAT I KNEW ZAROV WAS RETURNING!



BUT...HOPING AGAINST HOPE THAT I WAS WRONG IN MY SUSPICIONS, I MERELY SENT AN ANONYMOUS TIP TO YOUR HEADQUARTERS! **THAT** WAY, I'D AVOID ALIENATING VERNON IF AN INVESTIGATION PROVED HIM INNOCENT!



I'M AFRAID THE BLAST PROVED JUST THE OPPOSITE! ZAROV WOULDN'T HAVE RUBBED OUT A FELLOW COMMUNIST UNLESS THE PROJECT HE AND VERNON WERE WORKING ON RATED EXTREME MEASURES! THE ONES ZAROV USED WERE TYPICAL...TREACHERY AND LIQUIDATION!

BUT **WHY**... WHEN VERNON WAS ENOUGH OF A CONSTRUCTION EXPERT TO BE TRUSTED IN THE FIRST PLACE?

CAN'T YOU FIGURE IT? ZAROV PLAYED BALL WITH YOUR BROTHER WHILE HE NEEDED HIM...AND GOT HIM OUT OF THE WAY WHEN HE **DIDN'T**! I DON'T KNOW A SINGLE FACT ABOUT THAT CONSTRUCTION JOB, HONEY... EXCEPT THAT IT'S **FINISHED**!

NATURALLY, ZAROV WOULDN'T HAVE USED A TIME BOMB FOR WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN ACCOMPLISHED WITH A COUPLE OF BULLETS! HE WANTED TO MAKE SURE HE GOT RID OF VERNON'S NOTES AND SPARE BLUEPRINTS AT THE SAME TIME...AND SINCE HE DID JUST THAT, I'M COUNTING ON **YOU** TO REMEMBER ANY DETAIL THAT WILL PROVIDE A **CLUE** TO ZAROV'S ACTIVITIES!

THE ONE THING I **CAN** RECALL SEEMS TO MAKE SO LITTLE SENSE...LATE ONE NIGHT, WHILE VERNON AND ZAROV WERE PORING OVER THE BLUEPRINTS, I OVERHEARD ZAROV SAY THAT THEY'D CONCENTRATE ON THE **FIRST DROP** FOR THE TIME BEING...AND KEEP THE OTHER SIX IN RESERVE!

YEP...THAT'S PRETTY INCONCLUSIVE! IT MIGHT REFER TO A DANGEROUS FORMULA...OR JUST A BOTTLE OF ERASING FLUID THEY HAPPENED TO BE SHORT OF!



MINUTES LATER...
AT HEADQUARTERS...

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS, KENT...WE'VE GOT TO RUN OURSELVES RAGGED **FINDING** A SPY BEFORE WE CAN GET AN INKLING OF WHAT HE'S UP TO!

I'VE STARTED OFF WITH LESS THAN **THIS**! IT'S A PIECE OF ZAROV'S SHIRT...AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH THE LABORATORY WILL BE ABLE TO FILL IN PLENTY OF BLANK SPACES!

WISH I COULD SHARE YOUR OPTIMISM, JONATHAN! WHAT **COULD** A RED SHIRT INDICATE...WHEN IT WOULD BE PERFECTLY NATURAL FOR A COMMUNIST LIKE ZAROV TO WEAR ONE?

SURE...BACK IN SLAVONIA! BUT YOU WOULDN'T CATCH A **SPY** FLAUNTING A RED SHIRT UNLESS HE **HAD** TO WEAR ONE! IT'S JUST AN IDEA, DIANA...BUT SUPPOSE ZAROV HAD JUST COME FROM A PLACE SO REMOTE THAT HE COULDN'T GET AN **ORDINARY** KIND OF SHIRT?



503
TO
597



SOON
AFTERWARD...

AFRAID I CAN'T HELP
YOU MUCH, KENT! THE
WEAVE AND THREAD
GAUGE ARE JUST ABOUT
STANDARD...WHICH MEANS YOU
COULD BUY YARDS OF THE STUFF
EITHER RIGHT DOWN THE
BLOCK, OR IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
SAHARA!

OH, WELL
...NOTHING
LIKE WRECKING
A HUNCH SCIENTI-
FICALLY!



HEY...AM I GOING
COLOR BLIND?
WHAT'S IN THIS
PAN, JOE?

DILUTE
HYDROCHLORIC
ACID...BUT IF
YOU'RE GETTING
FED UP WITH BUM
CLUES, KENT, I CAN
MIX YOU UP SOME-
THING STRONGER!



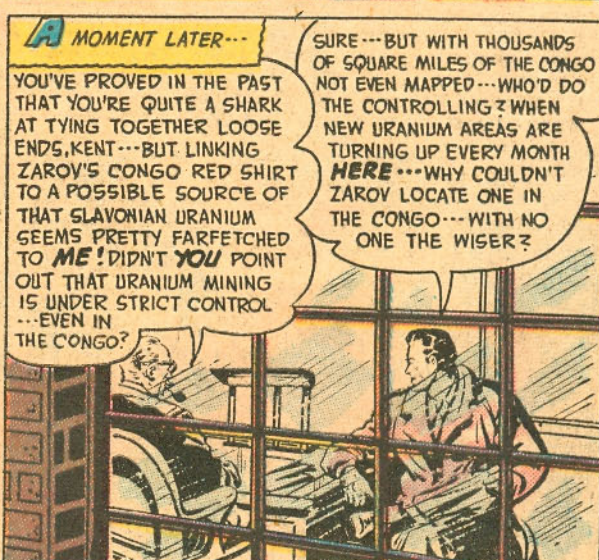
I'D BE HAPPIER IF
YOU MIXED TOGETHER
A FEW FACTS, CHUM!
HOW COME THIS
CHANGED COLOR?
WHAT KIND OF
DYE IS IT?



AFTER A QUICK
CHECKUP...

THERE'S ONLY ONE TEXTILE DYE
THAT CHANGES FROM RED TO
BLUE UNDER THE ACTION OF
ACID...A NATIVE AFRICAN COM-
POUND KNOWN AS CONGO RED!

CONGO! IN MY ATLAS,
PAL...THAT MEANS
BELGIAN
CONGO!



A MOMENT LATER...

YOU'VE PROVED IN THE PAST
THAT YOU'RE QUITE A SHARK
AT TYING TOGETHER LOOSE
ENDS, KENT...BUT LINKING
ZAROV'S CONGO RED SHIRT
TO A POSSIBLE SOURCE OF
THAT SLAVONIAN URANIUM
SEEMS PRETTY FARFETCHED TO
ME! DIDN'T YOU POINT
OUT THAT URANIUM MINING
IS UNDER STRICT CONTROL
...EVEN IN
THE CONGO?

SURE...BUT WITH THOUSANDS
OF SQUARE MILES OF THE CONGO
NOT EVEN MAPPED...WHO'D DO
THE CONTROLLING? WHEN
NEW URANIUM AREAS ARE
TURNING UP EVERY MONTH
HERE...WHY COULDN'T
ZAROV LOCATE ONE IN
THE CONGO...WITH NO
ONE THE WISER?



OKAY...YOU'VE GOT ZAROV PIN-
POINTED IN AN AREA FOUR TIMES
THE SIZE OF TEXAS! I **COULD**
PLAY A DIRTY TRICK, KENT...AND
TELL YOU TO GO OUT AND
FIND HIM!

I'M GOING TO CONSIDER
THAT AN **ASSIGNMENT**,
CHIEF! SWEETHEART, DO YOU
REMEMBER WHAT ZAROV
SAID ABOUT CONCENTRAT-
ING ON THE **FIRST**
DROP...WITH **SIX**
IN RESERVE?



HERE'S WHAT THE BOY IN THE CONGO
RED SHIRT MEANT...THE **SEVEN CAT-
ARACTS THAT MAKE UP STANLEY
FALLS**! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE ANGLE
IS...BUT YOU CAN BET ZAROV ISN'T
THERE TO TAKE IN THE SCENERY!

That night...THE AFRICA CLIPPER...

I CERTAINLY HOPE WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, JONATHAN... BUT EVEN IF ZAROV IS MINING URANIUM NEAR STANLEY FALLS, WOULDN'T HE HAVE A PROBLEM GETTING IT OUT OF THE CONGO?

HE CERTAINLY WOULD...UNLESS **THAT'S** ONE OF THE CONSTRUCTION DETAILS YOUR BROTHER WORKED OUT!



A WEEK LATER...AT A VILLAGE ON THE CONGO RIVER, TWENTY MILES ABOVE STANLEY FALLS...

I'D BE GLAD TO AID YOUR SEARCH FOR ZAROV BY LENDING YOU A LAUNCH... BUT THE ONLY PATROL BOAT IN THIS AREA VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE OVER SIX MONTHS AGO, WITH A SQUAD OF SOLDIERS ABOARD!

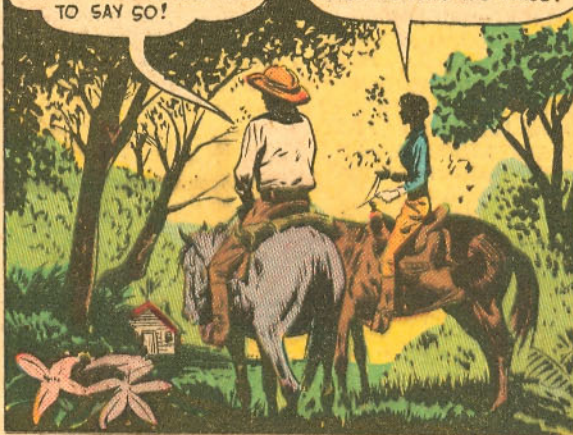
I'LL SETTLE FOR HORSES, CAPTAIN!

BELGISCHE CONGO
CONGO BELGIQUE
DIST. 82

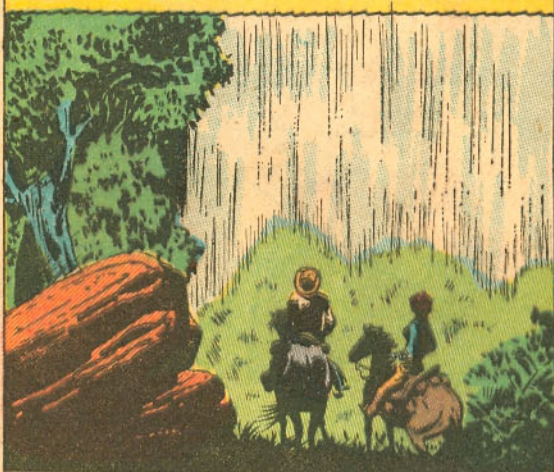


HERE'S THE LAST OUTPOST BEFORE WE REACH STANLEY FALLS, DIANA! IF YOU WANT TO WAIT WHILE I TACKLE ZAROV...NOW'S THE TIME TO SAY SO!

ZAROV KILLED MY BROTHER...AND NO MATTER **WHAT** HAPPENS, I'M GOING TO BE ON HAND WHEN HE PAYS THE PRICE!



MILES BEYOND, THE STEADY BEAT OF THE HORSES' HOOF IS DROWNED OUT BY A RISING ROAR...AND AS JONATHAN AND DIANA PUSH THROUGH THE FOLIAGE AT THE RIVER'S EDGE...



THERE IT IS...**STANLEY FALLS!** BUT I'D BE FAR MORE IMPRESSED BY SOME SIGN OF ZAROV, JONATHAN!

ORDINARILY, THERE'D BE NOTHING SUSPICIOUS ABOUT A HOUSE... BUT WHAT'S **THIS** ONE DOING AT THIS SPOT?



THAT'S STRANGE, KENT... I WAS JUST ABOUT TO ASK **YOU** THE SAME QUESTION!



DON'T BE MODEST, RAT...**YOU'RE** THE ONE WITH ALL THE ANSWERS!







AS DOGGEDLY AS HE CLINGS TO LIFE ITSELF, JONATHAN KEEPS HIS GRIP ON THE ROPE DURING THE NEXT ENDLESS SECOND...AND UNEXPECTEDLY...

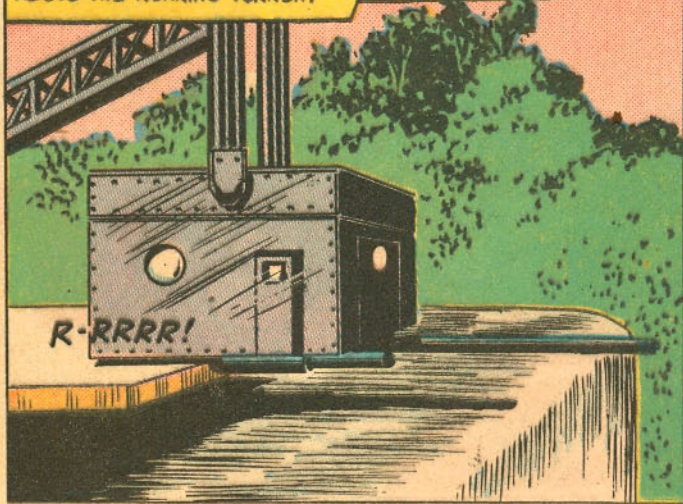


AS LONG AS ZAROV MANAGES TO GET URANIUM ORE OUT FROM UNDER THE CATARACT, THERE'S SOME HOPE FOR US...BUT I'D FEEL A LOT BETTER IF I KNEW THE METHOD!

YOU CAN START PERKING UP ANY SECOND, SWEETHEART! LISTEN!

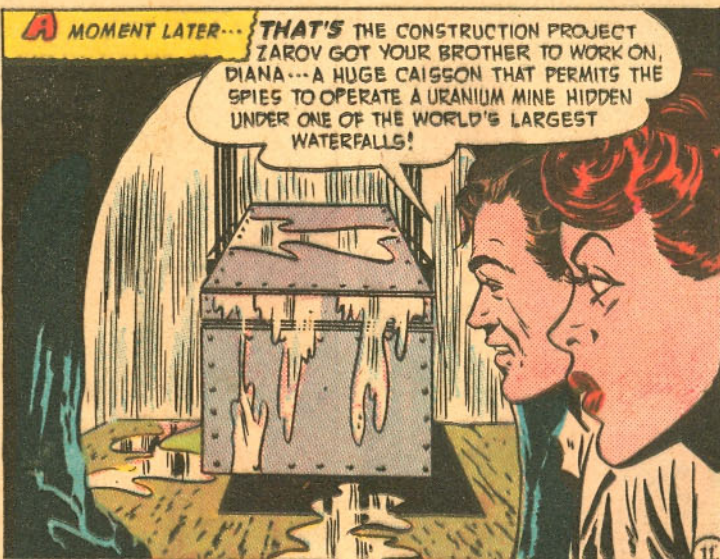


AS THE GRINDING CLATTER OF HUGE GEARS SOUNDS ABOVE THE ROARING TORRENT...



A MOMENT LATER...

THAT'S THE CONSTRUCTION PROJECT ZAROV GOT YOUR BROTHER TO WORK ON, DIANA...A HUGE CAISSON THAT PERMITS THE SPIES TO OPERATE A URANIUM MINE HIDDEN UNDER ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST WATERFALLS!





NOTHING LIKE FINDING OUT AT THE LAST MOMENT...BUT **HERE'S** HOW ZAROV MANAGES TO SEND HIS URANIUM ORE TO SLAVONIA WITHOUT DETECTION... **BY ROCKET!**

ROCKET?
YOU MEAN
THAT THING
CAN BE
AIMED?

BABY...HOW
RIGHT YOU ARE!

THIS TIME WE'RE NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES! THE CAISSON DOOR WILL OPEN AUTOMATICALLY WHEN IT LANDS...AND I WANT ENOUGH OF A VOLLEY TO BLAST KENT AND THAT GIRL TO FRAGMENTS!

ZAROV...
THE
ROCKET
TUBE!

IT'S MOVING
...IT'S TRAINED
ON US!

BOOM!

WOOOOSH!

AS TONS OF WATER THUNDER OVER THE SCENE OF ANOTHER COMMUNIST BID FOR POWER...

IT'S HORRIBLE TO THINK OF WHAT **MIGHT** HAVE HAPPENED, JONATHAN...BUT NOW THE WORLD CAN STOP WORRYING ABOUT THOSE SLAVONIAN A-BOMB PLANTS!

CHECK! AND AS FOR **YOU**...**THIS** EXPLOSION SHOULD HELP YOU FORGET THE ONE THAT KILLED YOUR BROTHER!

IT WON'T BE EASY TO FORGET, JONATHAN...AND NEITHER WILL **YOU!**

YOU'RE TALKING? BABY, WHENEVER I THINK OF ATOM BOMBS, I'LL HAVE **YOU** IN MIND...AND FOR MORE REASONS THAN ONE!

JONATHAN KENT CHECKS ANOTHER UNDERCOVER ATTACK ON DEMOCRACY...IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

BLOWUP!

THREE times during his half-hour's walk to the rendezvous with the suspected spies, Nick Bartlett paused at a soda-fountain to re-moisten his handkerchief. And each time, as he placed the wet cloth back into his pocket, he wiped the sweat off his brow and was able to breathe more freely again. He knew only too well that he was on the most perilous mission of his entire career as an F.B.I. man—for if that handkerchief ever dried out before he got another chance to wet it again, Nick Bartlett would be no more!

When he finally got to number 14 South Street, Nick paused right outside the door to the shabby building and wiped his forehead with the moist handkerchief. Then, reaching behind him to place it in his back pocket, Ken casually dropped the handkerchief and knocked on the door.

A hard-looking face appeared at the eye-hole, and Ken said, "Skang sent me."

The door opened a crack and Ken squeezed through it into the hallway, only to find himself confronted by a Lueger in the hands of the hard-faced man. "So Skang sent you, eh?" the man grated out. "Well, we happen to know that Skang was picked up by the F.B.I. yesterday—and my guess is that Skang talked and you're a government agent sent here to nab the rest of us!"

"Why, that's preposterous," Nick protested. "I don't know anything about Skang being arrested—all I know is that he approached me as I left my office in the War Munitions Board building and asked me if I'd like to pick up some extra cash in exchange for some information I have access to. I agreed, since government employees don't get paid too well, and he told me to come to this address."

The man snarled in disbelief at his story, and Nick smiled inwardly as he felt him-

self being pushed into an adjoining room. Nick had purposely cooked up a flimsy story, hoping that the suspected spies would try getting rid of him—so that they could be arrested on a charge of attempted murder. It was the only charge they could be held on, since Skang had revealed to the F.B.I. that the gang was always careful not to have any incriminating evidence on them, and that they couldn't be made to talk.

Inside the room, the assembled gang-members swiftly searched Nick's wallet—and found the F.B.I. identification card that Nick had purposely left in there. The hard-faced man raised his gun with a leer and said, "You fool—you never should have come here alone! Start saying your prayers!"

"But I *didn't* come here alone," Nick said. "Just ask one of your men to step out the door and look down the street!"

The chief spy snarled a command, and one of the gang members went to the front door. Nick heard the door opening, and then—BANG!

The spies all whirled towards the door—and Nick sprang into action, kayoing the first spy, seizing his gun, and firing until the disarmed spies were forced to raise their arms in surrender.

"I *did* come alone," Nick said grinningly, "but I left my calling card outside. I dropped a handkerchief filled with moistened nitric iodide on the doorstep—for your information, as soon as nitric iodide dries slightly, it explodes under the slightest pressure! So when your man stepped outside and stepped on the handkerchief, your whole plot blew up in your face—because even if we can't get you birds to confess to your espionage activities, you can still be sent up for life imprisonment for attempted murder!"

THE SPY WITH A HUNDRED FACES

SOME SPIES BE-
COME HEROES...AND
SOME ATTAIN A LEGEN-
DARY FAME LONG AFTER
THE CRASHING RIFLES
OF A FIRING SQUAD
SNUFF OUT THEIR LIVES!
BUT KARL SCHULMEIS-
TER, WHO SHRUGGED
OFF BOTH HEROISM AND
FAME WITH A BITTER
LAUGH, PLACED SPYING
ON A PROFESSIONAL
BASIS...WINNING WEALTH
FOR HIMSELF...AND AN
EMPIRE FOR NAPOLEON!

IT IS USELESS TO WIN BATTLES, COLONEL
SAVARY...WHEN JUST BEYOND THE
FRENCH BORDER, IN BADEN, THE DUKE
D'ENGHIEN IS PLOTTING AGAINST
ME! YOU MUST FIND A WAY TO CAPTURE
AND EXECUTE HIM...WITHOUT RISKING
ANOTHER WAR!

THAT IS SOMETHING NO
FRENCH OFFICER CAN DO OPENLY,
SIRE! MILITARY HONOR PLACES A
LIMIT ON A SOLDIER'S RUTHLESS-
NESS...BUT THERE ARE MEN
WHO STOP AT NOTHING...
**AND I WILL FIND
ONE!**



EUROPE WOULD LONG REMEMBER THE
QUIRK OF FATE THAT BROUGHT TOGETHER
SAVARY, THE BORN INTRIGUER...AND SCHUL-
MEISTER, THE BORN SPY! IT HAPPENED IN
THE FRONTIER TOWN OF STRASBOURG...

OUR AGENTS HAVE LEARNED THAT YOU ARE
AN EXPERT SMUGGLER, SCHULMEISTER! BUT
I MUST BE SURE OF YOUR QUALIFICATIONS
AS A SPY...BEFORE I REVEAL WHAT
NAPOLEON HAS
IN MIND!

AH, MURDERING THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN
WILL BE A TICKLISH MATTER, SAVARY!
YOU SEE, I'VE **ALREADY** LEARNED
WHAT NAPOLEON WANTS...BUT YOU
DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT! **THE DUKE'S
FUNERAL WILL COST
YOU EXACTLY
ONE HUNDRED
THOUSAND
FRANCS!**



SOON AFTERWARD...IN THE MARKET...

THE TROUBLE WITH THESE RICH NOBLE-
MEN IS THAT THEY'RE ALL BACHELORS!
YOU TAKE THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN, FOR
EXAMPLE...**HE'S** GOT NO MORE
ROMANCE IN HIM THAN A MACKEREL!

YOU THINK NOT, EH? WELL,
THERE'S A COOK BUYS
CARROTS FROM ME EVERY
DAY...AND **HER** MISTRESS
IS ADRIENNE ROUALT...
WHO EXPECTS TO **MARRY**
THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN
WHEN ALL THIS FIGHT-
ING STOPS!



ADRIENNE ROUALT,
EH? THE NEXT STEP,
SCHULMEISTER, IS TO
VISIT THE YOUNG LADY
TONIGHT...**DISGUISED
AS THE TOWN
WATCH!**



THAT NIGHT, THE GUARDS POSTED IN FRONT OF ADRIENNE ROUALT'S HOUSE SHIVERED IN A COLD FOG... AND AS MIDNIGHT TOLLED...

TWELVE O'CLOCK...RAIN AND MIST...AND AALL'S WELL!

LISTEN TO THAT OLD GAFFER! HE CAN HARDLY GET A SOUND OUT OF HIS THROAT!



SCHULMEISTER DOES NOT INTEND GETTING A SOUND OUT OF YOUR THROATS, EITHER!



MINUTES LATER...

STOP! YOU CAN'T CARRY ME OFF!

HAH! I WON'T HAVE TO, MADAMOISELLE...NOW THAT THE COACH I ARRANGED FOR IS EXACTLY ON TIME!



IN A SECLUDED HOUSE...

THERE IS THE LETTER YOU FORCED ME TO WRITE TO THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN...SAYING THAT MY GARDENER, BOUVIER, WOULD GUIDE HIM HERE TO RESCUE ME! BUT BOUVIER IS LOYAL TO ME...HE WILL NEVER DELIVER THAT NOTE...AND THE DUKE KNOWS HIM TOO WELL TO BE FOOLED BY ANYONE DISGUISED AS MY GARDENER!

SUPPOSE WE SEE? WAIT HERE A MOMENT...



A MOMENT AFTERWARD...

MADAMOISELLE...I HAVE NO CHOICE! I MUST TAKE YOUR NOTE TO THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN!

BOUVIER! YOU CAN'T BETRAY ME...YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING TWO-FACED!



PERHAPS BOUVIER CANNOT HELP BEING TWO-FACED, MADAMOISELLE!

SCHULMEISTER! YOU SORCERER...IS THERE ANYONE YOU CAN'T IMPERSONATE?



LURED OVER THE FRENCH BORDER BY SCHULMEISTER'S DISGUISE... D'ENGHEN WAS CAPTURED AND EXECUTED!

THIS WILL DO A GREAT DEAL TO ENSURE NAPOLEON'S FUTURE... AND NOW IS THE TIME TO MAKE CERTAIN I SHARE THAT FUTURE!

BANG!

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND FRANCS IS A GENEROUS FEE, SAVARY... BUT I WANT SOMETHING ELSE... AN INTRODUCTION TO NAPOLEON!

THAT WASN'T PART OF OUR BARGAIN, SCHULMEISTER... BUT VERY WELL... I'LL WRITE A NOTE TO THE EMPEROR!

A WEEK LATER... IN PARIS...

AS A LOYAL SUBJECT... I PRESUME TO THINK I CAN CONTINUE TO DO USEFUL SPYING FOR YOUR HIGHNESS!

"I AM SENDING YOU A MAN WHOSE BRAIN IS A WHIP... AND WHOSE HEART IS A STONE. SAVARY"...

WHO ELSE THINKS YOU ARE THAT GOOD?

I DO, SIRE... SCHULMEISTER!

THAT IS NO RECOMMENDATION! GET OUT!

RETURNING TO HIS AUDIENCE CHAMBER A FEW MINUTES LATER... NAPOLEON WAS CONFRONTED BY A SWAGGERING STRANGER!

WHO ARE YOU? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT UN-ANNOUNCED STRANGERS FACE DEATH?

IS SCHULMEISTER A STRANGER, SIRE?

I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOU! YOU FOOLED ME, SCHULMEISTER... AND THAT MEANS YOU CAN FOOL ANYONE! DO YOU SPEAK HUNGARIAN?

I COULD LEARN, SIRE... IF THE KNOWLEDGE PROVED USEFUL TO MY WORK AS YOUR PRIVATE SPY!

THIRTY THOUSAND AUSTRIAN TROOPS HAD TAKEN REFUGE FROM NAPOLEON'S ARMIES IN THE FORTIFIED CITY OF ULM... AND HERE, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF FIELD MARSHAL MACK...

FOR MONTHS I HAVE BEEN SPYING ON THAT DOG, NAPOLEON... I ESCAPE FROM THE FRENCH... AND WHAT HAPPENS? I AM ARRESTED... INSULTED... GUARDED LIKE A COMMON CRIMINAL!

MY FRIEND, YOU LOOK AND SOUND SO MUCH LIKE AN HUNGARIAN THAT I AM SUSPICIOUS! CAN YOU PROVE THAT YOU ARE NOT A FRENCH AGENT?

LOOK...I RISKED MY LIFE TO CARRY THESE NEWS SHEETS OUT OF FRANCE...AND YOU WILL SEE WHY THE FRENCH DON'T WANT THEM CIRCULATED ABROAD! "NAPOLEON FACES REVOLUTION! FRENCH ARMIES LEAVING AUSTRIA TO MEET ENGLISH INVASION ACROSS CHANNEL!"

IF THE FRENCH ARE RETREATING FROM AUSTRIA... WE CAN STEAL OUT OF ULM AND ATTACK THEM FROM THE REAR! BUT IF THESE REPORTS ARE FALSE...I WARN YOU...YOU'LL DIE HORRIBLY!



SYNICALLY... SCHULMEISTER WATCHED THE AUSTRIANS MARCH FROM THE PROTECTING WALLS OF ULM!

SO I'LL DIE, EH? BUT SUPPOSE THERE ISN'T A SINGLE AUSTRIAN SOLDIER LEFT TO CARRY OUT THE SENTENCE?



SCHULMEISTER'S DARING GAMBLE PAID OFF! TWO DAYS LATER...MARSHAL MACK'S ARMY WAS CUT TO PIECES IN A FRENCH TRAP!

THIS PROVES WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH NEWSPAPERS...ESPECIALLY FALSE ONES...CARRYING NEWS AN ENEMY WANTS TO BELIEVE!



WITH NAPOLEON READY TO BESIEGE VIENNA... SCHULMEISTER GREW BOLDER!

WE HAVE ORDERS TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR FRENCH SPIES...BUT THERE'S NO REASON TO SUSPECT A HARD-WORKING GYPSY TINKER!

A BATTERY OF SIX CANNON ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE RAVINE...EARTHWORK REDOUBT ON THE FLANK...MUNITIONS CAMP ONE MILE EAST! YES...I THINK MY MAP INCLUDES EVERYTHING!



THEN...A SUDDEN CLOUDBURST PROVIDED A DISASTROUS SURPRISE!

THE RAIN HAS WASHED AWAY MY DISGUISE! IF I CAN SLIP AWAY BEFORE THESE AUSTRIAN FOOLS NOTICE ANYTHING...

THIS MAN ISN'T A GYPSY! TURN OUT THE GUARD!



WITH THE JUDGES SHOUTING THEIR VERDICT ABOVE THE HEARING BOOM OF NAPOLEON'S CANNON...

FOR ACTS OF ESPIONAGE AGAINST THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE... DEATH!

DEATH...BY HANGING!



NEXT MORNING...WHEN THE DOOR OF SCHULMEISTER'S CELL CLANKED OPEN...

SCHULMEISTER WON'T NEED YOUR MINISTRATIONS, FATHER! WE'RE THE FIRST FRENCH TROOPS TO ENTER VIENNA--AND WE'VE COME TO SAVE HIM!

SCHULMEISTER WAS EXPECTING YOU, GENTLEMEN...BUT AS USUAL... HE TOOK NO CHANCES! HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS LATEST DISGUISE?



LUCKIER THAN MOST SPIES... SCHULMEISTER LIVED PEACEFULLY UNTIL HE WAS EIGHTY-THREE!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sangor 7 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.; Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1950.

Nat C. Cherman, Notary Public, State of New York (My commission expires March 30, 1951)

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CODE CASE

"BUT this is an *outrage*," the middle-aged man with the sunken cheeks said. "All of us employees here in the *Code and Cryptographic Bureau* have been thoroughly investigated a dozen times—our loyalty is beyond any question!"

Ken Faulkner walked over to the speaker and examined him closely. The man was ordinary-looking enough, except for the fact that he had a badly-fitting set of false teeth—but there was something about his eyes that Ken didn't quite like. "Your name?" Ken asked.

"Anthony Maclean," the man said. "And I must repeat that it's an outrage to ask all of us in the Bureau here to submit to a search—just because the top secret file of new codes, which is always supposed to be kept locked, was found open. It was probably left open by accident—I'm *certain* that none of us here stole anything out of it!"

"Mr. Maclean," Ken said coldly, "I suggest you stop beating your gums for two reasons—first, your false teeth are about to pop out of your mouth—and second, I'm the Counter-Intelligence agent in charge of this investigation, and what I say *goes!*"

Turning to the rest of the employees in the large government office, Ken said, "I want each of you men to stand near your desk and empty *everything* from your pockets, placing it all on the desk in front of you. Make sure you show every scrap of paper, no matter how unimportant you may think it is. I and my men will pass around, and we'll have to go through your pockets to make sure you're not concealing anything. I'm sorry

to force all of you to undergo this test—but if anyone copied any of the new codes out of the secret file, I intend to find the culprit—who can only be a *spy* in our midst!"

Ken walked over first to the man he'd taken such an instinctive dislike to—Anthony Maclean. There was an innocent-looking mass of coins and personal effects on the man's desk—but as Ken looked up, he noticed Maclean watching him triumphantly, while he chewed away at something in his mouth.

"What are you chewing on?" Ken asked innocently.

"Why, gum, of course—*AARCH!*"

The man gasped and gagged as Ken's powerful fingers clutched his throat before he could finish the sentence. A moment later, choking for air, Maclean felt his head being forced down over the desk—and it was Ken's turn to look triumphant as he saw the little wad of paper drop from the man's mouth.

Hurling Maclean away from him, Ken picked up the soggy piece of paper and carefully unfolded it. When he saw the new code key written hastily on it, his triumphant expression grew into a broad grin. "Just as I thought," he said. "The moment I saw you chewing, I knew you were trying to get rid of the code you copied—and only one thing gave you away. You'd have been able to swallow the code and wait for another opportune time to copy it—except that you forgot that a man with badly-fitting false teeth wouldn't be chewing gum! And this sure was one case that I liked sinking my teeth into!"

TERROR in TRIESTE

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WANT TO KEEP ON PATROLLING THE ZONE FRONTIER, NORM...YOU COUNTER-ESPIONAGE BOYS HAVEN'T HAD ANY TROUBLE WITH THE YUGOSLAVS IN ZONE B OVER THERE EVER SINCE MARSHAL TITO BEGAN BRINGING YUGOSLAVIA OVER TO *OUR* SIDE IN THE COLD WAR!

YES, BUT THINGS HAVE BEEN TOO PEACEFUL LATELY! TRIESTE IS A BOILING CAULDRON OF ESPIONAGE AND INTRIGUE... AND IT MAY BOIL OVER ANY MINUTE!

TRIESTE... PLAYGROUND OF INTERNATIONAL SPIES! THE 305-SQUARE-MILE TERRITORY ON THE ITALY-YUGOSLAV BORDER HAS BEEN ALMOST TORN APART BY THE CONFLICTING CLAIMS OF THOSE TWO COUNTRIES...AND HAS BEEN LITERALLY SPLIT INTO TWO ZONES OF OCCUPATION...WITH THE AMERICANS GRIMLY DETERMINED TO PREVENT THE AREA FROM BECOMING THE BREEDING GROUND FOR A CATASTROPHIC **THIRD WORLD WAR!** AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHERE NORMAN WANER, U.S. COUNTER-ESPIONAGE AGENT, COMES IN!

TRIESTE ZONE A
ANGLO-AMERICAN
ZONE OF
OCCUPATION

U.S. AGENTS

PULL UP... **QUICK!** LOOKS AS IF SOMETHING'S ABOUT TO BOIL OVER **RIGHT NOW!**

**HALT...
OR WE
FIRE!**

CRASH!

THAT BLOODY BARRICADE BLEW MY TIRE...BUT I'LL MAKE IT YET! COME ON, YOU BLIGHTERS!

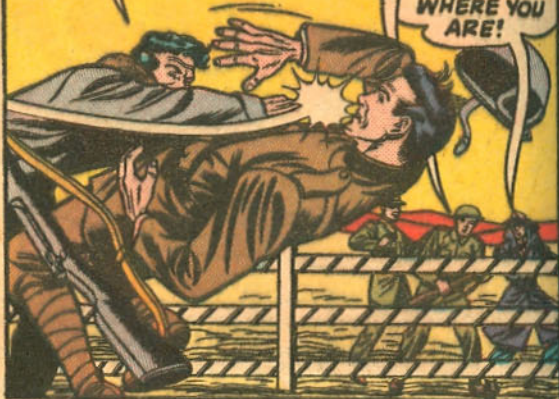
HALT... YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!



YOU YUGOSLAVS KEPT ME A PRISONER FOR OVER FIVE YEARS...BUT NO-ONE'S GOING TO KEEP ME FROM GETTING BACK TO ENGLAND NOW!

IT'S A BRITISHER! I'VE GOT TO 'ELP 'IM!

NO... STAY WHERE YOU ARE!



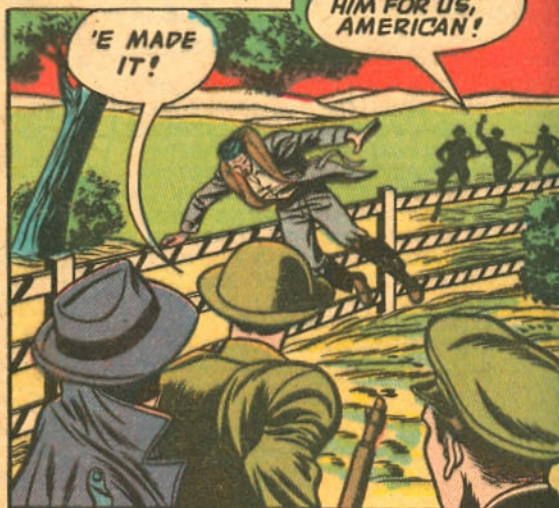
IF YOU CROSS OVER INTO THE YUGOSLAV ZONE WITHOUT THEIR PERMISSION, THEY HAVE A RIGHT TO INTERN YOU! ALL WE CAN DO IS HOPE HE CAN GET OVER INTO OUR ZONE...WHERE THE YUGOSLAVS CAN'T PURSUE HIM!



AND MOMENTS LATER...

HALT! SEIZE HIM FOR US, AMERICAN!

'E MADE IT!



IN THE NAME OF THE YUGOSLAV GOVERNMENT, I DEMAND YOU HAND THIS MAN OVER TO US! HE IS CHARGED WITH ILLEGALLY LEAVING OUR ZONE OF OCCUPATION AND...

BUT WE CHARGE HIM WITH ILLEGALLY ENTERING OUR ZONE...AND HE IS OUR PRISONER NOW!

WHEW... YOU SURE HANDLED THAT NEATLY, YANK! I'VE BEEN IN YUGOSLAVIA EVER SINCE MY PLANE WAS SHOT DOWN BY THE NAZIS IN 1945...MY NAME'S RANDOLPH MACKENZIE, CAPTAIN, RAF...HERE ARE MY IDENTIFICATION CARDS!

HMM, EVERYTHING CHECKS...HEIGHT, COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES, SCAR ON CHEEK!

THINGS WERE PRETTY ROUGH AFTER TITO'S UNDERGROUND RESCUED ME FROM THE NAZIS...

BECAUSE THE YUGOSLAVS WOULDN'T RELEASE ME WHEN THE WAR WAS OVER! I WAS A RADIO MAN, AND THEY THREATENED TO KILL ME IF I REFUSED TO HELP THEM WITH THEIR TECHNICAL COMMUNICATIONS PROBLEMS!

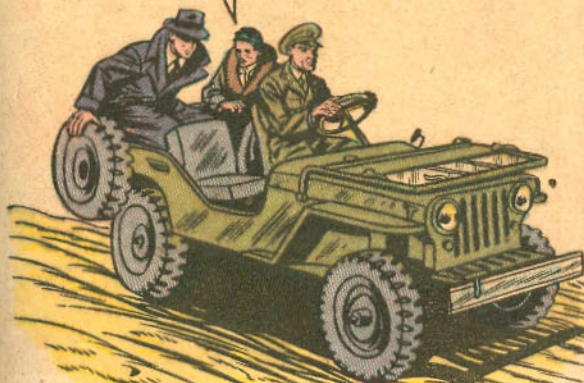


LAST MONTH, WHEN THEY ASSIGNED ME TO COMMUNICATIONS IN THE YUGOSLAV ZONE OF TRIESTE, I MANAGED TO TAP THE WIRES OF THE HIGH COMMAND

...AND HEARD THEM PLOTTING TO BLOW UP INSTALLATIONS IN ZONE A, SABOTAGE ALLIED DEFENSES...AND THEN MARCH IN TO TAKE OVER ALL OF TRIESTE ON THE PRETEXT THAT ONLY **THEY** COULD MAINTAIN ORDER! WHEN I SAW HOW MUCH WAS AT STAKE, I KNEW I **HAD** TO RISK MY LIFE TO ESCAPE...AND I **SUCCEEDED!**



BUT HIS REGIME IS VERY SHAKY RIGHT NOW! HE'S BECOMING UNPOPULAR WITH HIS PEOPLE...AND HE'S GOING TO USE THE TRIESTE GRAB TO GET BACK IN THEIR FAVOR! YOU SEE, THEY'VE ALWAYS CONSIDERED TRIESTE THEIR TERRITORY AND WOULD LITERALLY **WORSHIP** ANY LEADER WHO COULD ANNEX IT!



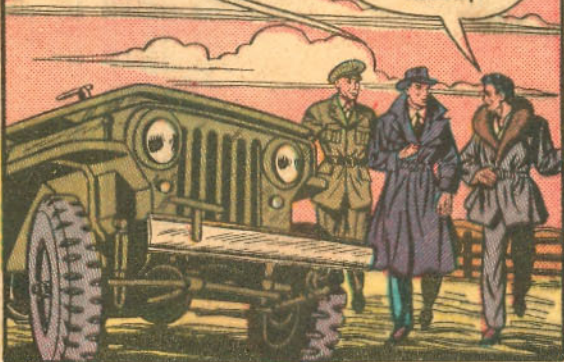
HMM, THAT SOUNDS CONVINCING...I'LL START TAKING STEPS AGAINST YUGOSLAV SABOTAGE IN OUR ZONE! BUT MEANWHILE, I GUESS THERE ARE A COUPLE OF THINGS YOU'LL WANT TO TAKE CARE OF...

JUST **ONE**...A NICE, CLEAN BED FOR THE FIRST NIGHT IN OVER FIVE YEARS!



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE...I KNOW THAT YUGOSLAVIA IS A COMMUNIST COUNTRY, BUT THEY'VE GRADUALLY BEEN MOVING OVER TO **OUR** SIDE!

TITO **WANTS** THE DEMOCRACIES TO THINK HE'S ON THEIR SIDE...BUT ALL HE'S INTERESTED IN IS MAKING SURE HE STAYS IN POWER AS YUGOSLAVIA'S RULER!

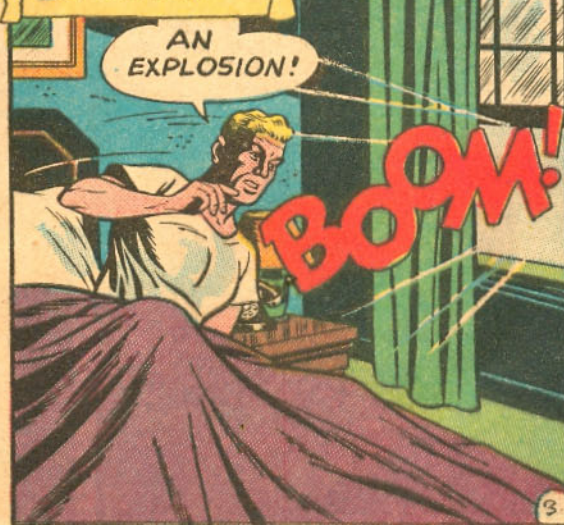


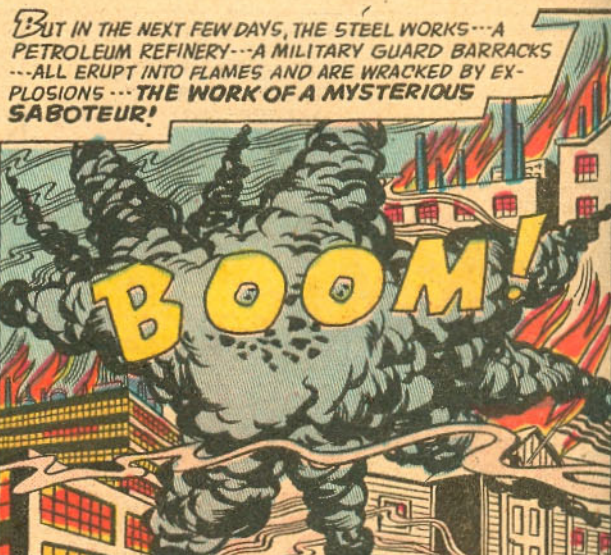
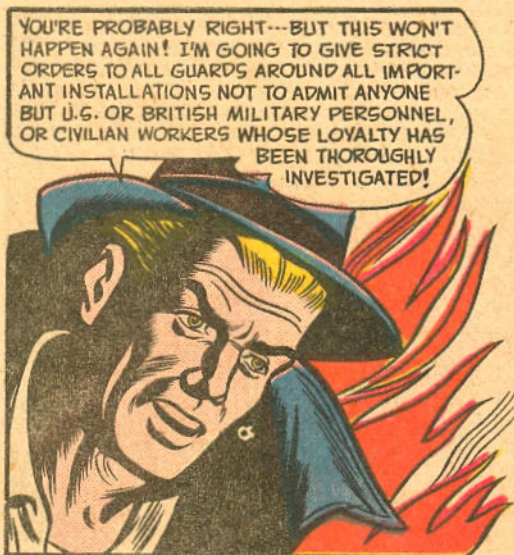
AND TITO ISN'T AFRAID OF ANY OPPOSITION! HE CAN MASS MORE TROOPS ON THE ZONE FRONTIER THAN THE BRITISH OR AMERICANS CAN...AND HE KNOWS THAT THE DEMOCRACIES WON'T RISK A BATTLE TO DRIVE HIM OUT OF ZONE A, BECAUSE THEY'D BE AFRAID OF STARTING A WORLD WAR IN WHICH ALL COMMUNIST COUNTRIES WOULD COME IN ON YUGOSLAVIA'S SIDE!



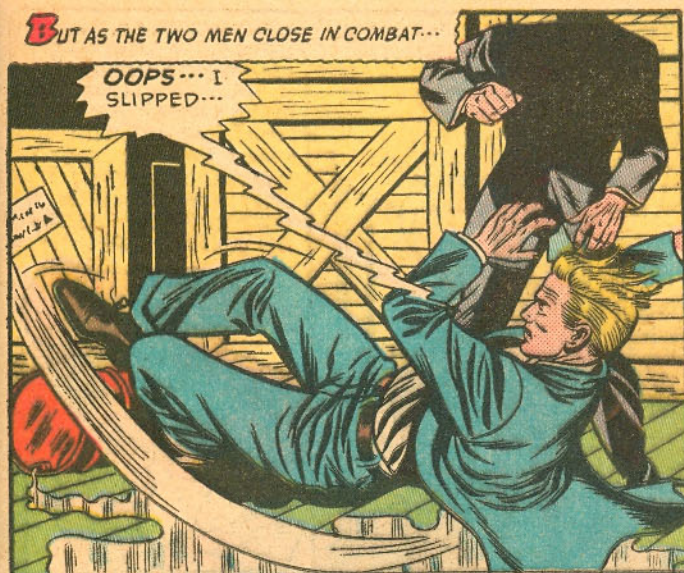
BUT THAT NIGHT...

AN EXPLOSION!





BUT AS THE TWO MEN CLOSE IN COMBAT...



BY THE TIME COUNTER-ESPIONAGE AGENT NORMAN WANER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...





BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND...WHY DIDN'T THAT FIRE SET OFF THE EXPLOSIVES YOU SAID WERE IN THE WAREHOUSE?

AFTER THINKING IT OVER, I DECIDED TO PLAY SAFE...AND ORDERED ALL THE DYNAMITE MOVED OUT OF THERE LATE THIS AFTER-NOON!

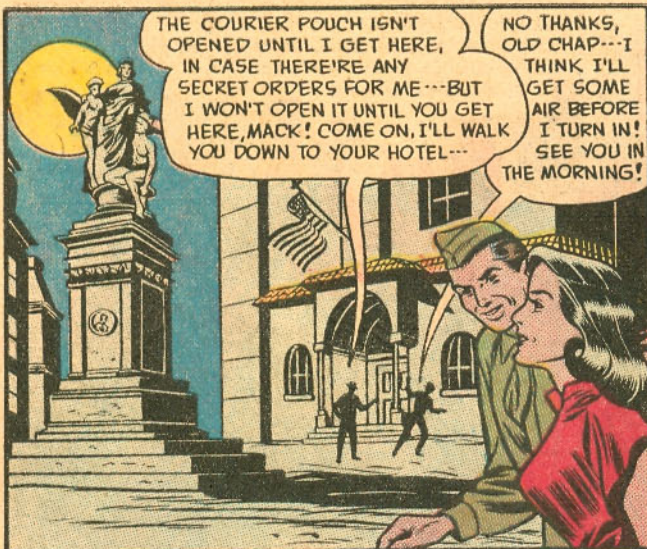


A CABLEGRAM FROM LONDON JUST CAME FOR YOU, SIR!

MUST BE ABOUT YOU, MACK...I HAD THE BRITISH ADJUTANT WIRE LONDON TO TAKE YOUR NAME OFF THE "PRESUMED DEAD" LIST...AND I GUESS THIS IS THEIR RESPONSE!

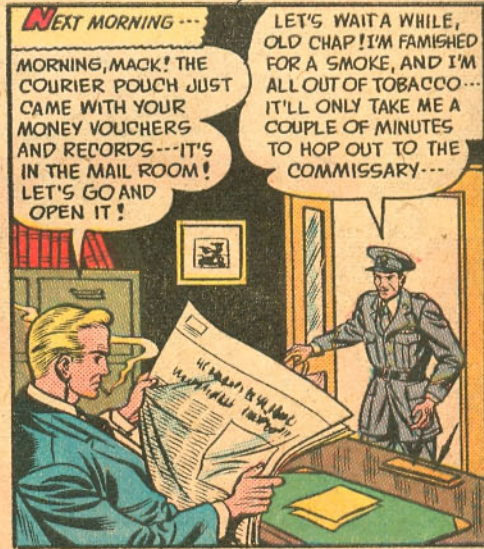


YES...AND THEY'VE GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YOU! YOU'VE GOT FIVE YEARS' PAY COMING TO YOU...AND IT'LL ARRIVE HERE IN THE MORNING COURIER POUCH, TOGETHER WITH YOUR SERVICE RECORDS AND FINGERPRINTS! DON'T KNOW WHY THEY'RE SENDING *THOSE*...GUESS IT'S JUST RED TAPE!



THE COURIER POUCH ISN'T OPENED UNTIL I GET HERE, IN CASE THERE'RE ANY SECRET ORDERS FOR ME...BUT I WON'T OPEN IT UNTIL YOU GET HERE, MACK! COME ON, I'LL WALK YOU DOWN TO YOUR HOTEL...

NO THANKS, OLD CHAP...I THINK I'LL GET SOME AIR BEFORE I TURN IN! SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!



NEXT MORNING...

MORNING, MACK! THE COURIER POUCH JUST CAME WITH YOUR MONEY VOUCHERS AND RECORDS...IT'S IN THE MAIL ROOM! LET'S GO AND OPEN IT!

LET'S WAIT A WHILE, OLD CHAP! I'M FAMISHED FOR A SMOKE, AND I'M ALL OUT OF TOBACCO...IT'LL ONLY TAKE ME A COUPLE OF MINUTES TO HOP OUT TO THE COMMISSARY...



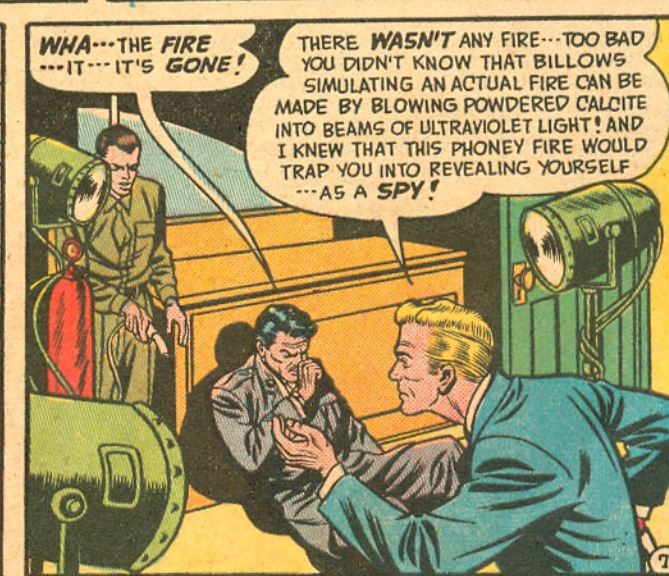
LET'S SEE, IT'S 9:03 NOW...I'LL BE BACK BY 9:10 AND WE'LL OPEN THE POUCH...

WAIT...LOOK...THERE'S A FIRE IN THE MAIL ROOM!



QUICK...GRAB A FIRE EXTINGUISHER...LET'S FIGHT THAT BLAZE!

NO...I...I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE...**FAST!**



IF YOU **WERE** A SPY, I KNEW YOU'D **HAVE** TO DESTROY ANY FINGERPRINTS THAT WOULD PROVE YOU WERE IMPERSONATING CAPT. MACKENZIE, WHO IS ACTUALLY A MISSING **RAF** HERO! BUT WHEN I CABLED LONDON AND THEY ANSWERED THAT MACKENZIE'S SERVICE RECORDS AND FINGERPRINTS WERE MYSTERIOUSLY STOLEN FROM THEIR FILES LAST MONTH, I FIGURED THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A REASON FOR THE THEFT

...AND ONLY AN INTERNATIONAL SPY RING LIKE THE COMINFORM REDS COULD HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT LEAVING A TRACE!



SO I GAVE YOU THAT FAKE STORY ABOUT THE FINGERPRINTS BEING IN THE COURIER POUCH, KNOWING YOU'D THINK THE COMINFORM HAD FAILED IN THE THEFT... AND THAT YOU'D HAVE TO TRY TO DESTROY THE PRINTS! THEN, AT DAWN, WHEN I SEARCHED THE MAIL ROOM AND FOUND A TIME BOMB SET TO GO OFF AT 9:07, I KNEW THAT ANYONE WHO PUT IT THERE WOULD BE AFRAID THAT A FIRE WOULD EXPLODE IT PREMATURELY

...AND YOU SURE FELL FOR MY PHONEY FIRE!

HOW...HOW DID YOU GET ON TO ME IN THE FIRST PLACE?



I THOUGHT IT STRANGE THAT THE YUGOSLAVS WOULD HAVE LET YOU KEEP YOUR **RAF** IDENTIFICATION PAPERS IN YOUR 5-YEAR CAPTIVITY... BUT I BECAME REALLY SUSPICIOUS WHEN YOU DIDN'T EVEN THINK OF NOTIFYING YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY IN ENGLAND THAT YOU'D ESCAPED THAT NIGHT AND WERE ALIVE! THEN THE CLINCHER CAME WHEN THAT EMPTY CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE, WHICH **NEVER** HELD EXPLOSIVES, WAS SABOTAGED...AND I KNEW THAT **YOU**, NOT THE YUGOSLAVS, WERE BEHIND THIS PLOT!



BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ANY PROOF UNTIL YOU GAVE AWAY THE FACT THAT **YOU** PLANTED THAT TIME BOMB!

I... I'LL CONFESS! MACKENZIE WAS KILLED OVER **RED** TERRITORY IN 1945... AND IT TOOK THE COMINFORM SECRET SERVICE FIVE YEARS TO TEACH ME TO SPEAK WITH A BRITISH ACCENT, AND TO CHANGE MY FACE WITH PLASTIC SURGERY, SO THAT MACKENZIE'S **RAF** IDENTIFICATION WOULD FIT ME!



AND THEN I WAS SMUGGLED INTO YUGOSLAVIA AND TRIESTE'S ZONE B, WITH COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS TO BLAME THE YUGOSLAVS FOR **MY** SABOTAGE IN ZONE A! WE WANTED THE DEMOCRACIES TO TURN AGAINST TITO AND REFUSE TO SUPPORT HIM... SO THAT THE RED COMINFORM COULD TAKE OVER ALL OF YUGOSLAVIA... AND REMOVE ONE MORE ALLY FROM THE CAMP OF THE DEMOCRACIES!

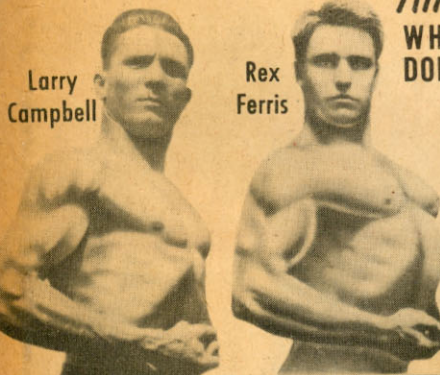


LATER... ...AND NOW THAT YOU KNOW THE WHOLE STORY, CAPTAIN, I'M SURE THAT THE INCIDENT WILL ONLY CEMENT THE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN YUGOSLAVIA AND THE ALLIES IN OUR COMMON STRUGGLE AGAINST THE COMINFORM'S TYRANNY!

IT WILL... **DEPEND UPON IT!**



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WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

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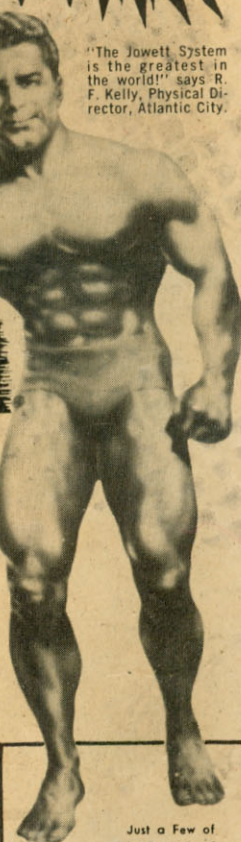
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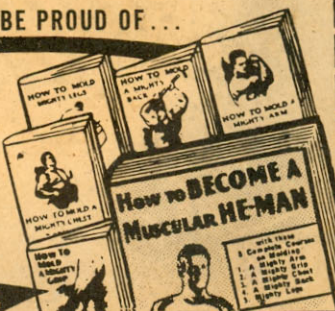
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